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ARTICLE I.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"A PERSON," says Locke, "is a thinking, intelligent being." In this is implied understanding, reason, will, emotions, feelings, and consciousness. So a person is more than an attribute, influence, or action of a being. They are but modes and manifestations of being, and have in themselves no wholeness of being, or separateness or independence of existence. They pertain to personality, and have necessary dependence on a person, while the person has wholeness, completeness of being in itself. A person understands, reasons, wills, loves, hates, commands, obeys, influences. This it is to be a person, and to have personality.

In view of such a definition, is the Holy Spirit a person? This is our inquiry in the present paper; and in the outset we mark off the limits of the question. It is not whether the Holy Spirit is a person of a certain grade, or above all grades, even supreme and divine. Nor is it the question whether the Holy Spirit is a being emanating from the Father, or from the Father and the Son, or whether, like them, he is possessed of an unproduced and eternal personality. Nor yet is it whether the Holy Spirit sustains peculiar relations to the Father and the Son in a mysterious union with them in essence and substance, constituting and called God. In other words, our inquiry is not concerning the divinity of the Holy Spirit, nor concerning

the doctrine of the trinity. Is the Holy Ghost a person? This is the question.

Furthermore and preliminary, this question must be answered by revelation alone. As neither nature nor reason could raise such a question, so neither can solve it. Reason may and must judge whether the professed revelation propounding this question is real or spurious; pure as first from God, or corrupted by the human channels in which it has run along through the centuries. Reason must also determine the import of the answer that revelation may give. But it lies not within the province of reason to determine what answer may or must be given. For the human understanding is merely the recipient, not the dictator of a divine communication. We protest against the rationalistic attitude of turning the ear toward heaven with the assumption that God may or may not say this or that. That awful and impious arrogance of self-sufficiency and umpire does not become him who is of yesterday's dust and crushed before the moth. God the Infinite and Eternal knows more than man, and he can communicate so much of this knowledge to man as man's capacity can receive or his need require. God is not so dull a teacher as man a pupil. He who has made the ear can fill it.

Nor may reason refuse the answer of revelation to our question, because it cannot locate it, use it, or work it in with its notions on other doctrines, or with its previous system of theology. If the obvious answer of the Scriptures is that the Holy Ghost is a person, that answer must be admitted. One may not reject it because it will give him difficulties on the divinity of the Holy Spirit, or on the doctrine of the trinity. An evident and obvious truth of revelation must be retained, let the cost of retaining be what it may. This article of divine furniture may compel the total emptying of the theological room of our mind to give it and other articles in keeping a place. Be it so; God has a right to furnish that room.

Nor may the revealed answer to our question be rejected because its relations to other truths, or its uses may not be fully understood. It is not supposable that human reason can understand all that God may see fit to reveal; yet faith may receive as fact what reason cannot analyze and understand. A clear,

intelligible statement of God may be above and beyond the grasp of our reason in all its relations, and yet faith apprehend and admit it, as a single truth. Faith supplements the reason, as the telescope does the naked eye, and resolves and makes evident what before was nebulous. Only what is palpably contrary to the reason may the reason reject. As a statement above the reason, but from a credible source, it must be passed up to faith for a reception. To reject a statement of revelation as contrary to reason, one must first compass, surround and take it in, as one must know all the shore to declare the land an island. To reject the doctrine of logarithms or the asymptote one must understand the higher mathematics, but a child may believe the father's statement of them. So God may give us definitions, propositions and declarations of truth, as serviceable as they are incomprehensible, and faith be strong where reason staggers, in their reception. In our pride of intellect we incline to call that contrary to reason or absurd which we cannot understand in its nature. Humility and faith should come to our relief in such cases, specially if the communication is from God or concerning him. It should not trouble us to admit that the nature of God, the mode of his existence and manifestation, and the process of his providence in human affairs, are beyond our comprehension; while a simple declaration of fact concerning these things may be intelligible to reason and acceptable to faith. If we discriminate properly between facts and modes, what is and how it is, and concede that God may reveal the one and not the other, we shall find ample and harmonious scope for both reason and faith. A belief that God knows more than man, and can declare facts without explaining them, and then a belief in the facts divinely given, without a rationalistic analysis of their modes, has the double blessedness of a human contentment and the divine approbation.

We have extended these preliminary remarks for the relief of some who have difficulty in receiving separate truths from God, or truths that they cannot fully understand, or that do not at first seem to harmonize with other truths as clearly revealed. A better understanding of the nature and claims of a revelation from God would prepare the way for a better reception of it, specially its isolated truths and mysterious declarations.

The association of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost in the same offices implies a personality in the latter as much as in the two former. "Baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Mat. xxviii. 19. To baptize one in or unto the name of any one is to devote him supremely in affection, service and obedience to the person named. But there is no baptism unto an attribute, influence, or principle. Or if it were so, how singular thus to join two persons and an attribute in a formula of dedication. Some regard the Holy Ghost here "as the guiding influence which proceeds from God." Discourses on the Unity of God. By Dr. W. G. Eliot of St. Louis, p. 22. But in a baptism unto God the Father is it not to God entire? Is his "guiding influence" so overlooked or excepted that it must be added by specification as a supplement or erratum? When it is said that the Israelites "were baptized unto Moses," it were a superfluity to add, "and unto his guiding influence." That is necessarily included in Moses and in baptism unto him. Moreover, of all the attributes, powers and influences of God, why single out that one, and baptize unto it?

We find a similar union of two persons with the Holy Ghost in the apostolic benediction. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen." 2 Cor. xiii. 14. This is a prayer that those for whom it is offered may enjoy the grace of Christ and the love of God. Is the addition; "the communion of the Holy Ghost," but the fellowship of an attribute, principle or emanation of God? The Holy Spirit has the rank of personality in the formula as truly as the other two invoked.

Again, when the Saviour could no longer be a personal teacher, comforter and guide to his disciples, he said; "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." John. xiv. 16, 26. Here would seem to be three persons. One asks, another sends, and a third comes. The Comforter here is called "another," thus filling the place of an absent person. He is "given" of

the Father, an expression not applicable or used in the ordinary exercise of an attribute or influence in comforting one. In his promised office as Comforter he has not yet been given to abide with Christians; and this is what could not be said of any of the powers of comforting possessed by a gracious God. Then, what is prayed for and promised is not comfort, as a state, or the comforting exercise of some power of the Father, but a comforter, an agent. This agent seems to be as truly a person as the Saviour praying for him or the Father sending him. He is to "come" to the disciples, to "abide" with them, to "teach" them, and bring the sayings of the Lord Jesus to their remembrance. In all these offices the attributes and activities of personality are as definitely and as fully ascribed to the Holy Spirit as to the Father and the Son. Indeed we may make this statement general and remark on it more fully.

As great a variety of attributes and states, feelings and acts, pertaining to a person, is ascribed to the Holy Spirit as to the Father and the Son.

The acts of a person are ascribed to the Spirit. "The Spirit said to Peter"; "the Spirit said to Philip"; "the Spirit saith unto the church." He guides into truth, he leads the sons of God, he helps our infirmities, he bears witness with our spirits, he testifies of Christ, he reveals to prophets and apostles, he moved holy men of old to speak, he makes intercession for us, he confers gifts, as wisdom, knowledge, faith, gifts of healing, of miracles and of tongues, he regenerates and sanctifies, he separates men to the apostleship, and sent for the preachers, and forbade their labors in certain places. These are the acts of an agent, a person. They are acts inseparable from personality. No acts of the Father or of the Son, or of an apostle point more definitely to a person as the actor. We can find no evidence more positive to prove the personality of the Father.

In like manner the feelings of a person are attributed to the Holy Spirit. The "communion of the Holy Ghost" is spoken of, and we are urged to "grieve not the Holy Spirit." Here are affections and feelings that pertain necessarily and only to a person. We cannot so speak in simple, prosaic language

of an influence, or power, or exercise, detached from the person from whom it proceeds.

It should not, therefore, surprise or confuse us that the pronouns for a person are variously applied to the Holy Spirit, as, "he may abide with you forever," "he shall teach you all things," "I will send him unto you," "when he is come he will guide, reprove, teach," etc. We cannot assume that these pronouns, designating a person in their common use, would be applied thus to any attribute, power or influence, even though it were divine. Moreover, in applying thus uniformly the masculine pronouns to the Holy Spirit there is a violent departure from the rules of grammar. In the original the term Holy Spirit is neuter, and should be represented by neuter pronouns. Yet they are invariably masculine, as if pointing to a person. This violation of a law of the Greek language is significant. It is as violent a departure from the idiom and laws of the language as if we should say of republicanism: "he promotes the highest good of his subjects," or of the President of the United States; "it will be ready to deliver its annual message to the Congress this week."

Blasphemy is evil speaking of sacred persons and things, and may be forgiven unless it be against the Holy Ghost. Now if the Holy Ghost be but the manifestation of some attribute, power, or influence of God, as they say who deny his personality, how can sin against any and all other parts of God's nature, character and work be pardonable, while the sin against one attribute or exercise is unpardonable? Some say that the Holy Ghost is but "a divine, influencing power," "a divine emanation of influences and energies." Noble's *Appeal for the New Jerusalem Church*, pp. 396, 397. Others speak of the Holy Ghost as "the sanctifying influence which comes from God," "the holy influence of Deity on the minds of his servants, with accompanying gifts and powers." Dr. Eliot, *ut supra*. But why should a very special sacredness attach to the power of God, and evil speaking of it be unpardonable, while abuse of God's holiness, goodness, mercy, or truth, or any and all other qualities, may be forgiven?

Ananias is said to have lied to the Holy Ghost. But a lie can be uttered only to a person. We cannot lie to a brute,

inanimate object, or to any attribute or quality of a person. There must be an entireness, a wholeness in the person lied unto. Else a lie is impossible. It implies perception in him lied unto. Yet power, love, justice, truth, or any quality of a person, cannot perceive. Perception is the act of an individual and whole mind. It is the act of an agent, a person; and so Ananias must have lied unto a person when he lied to the Holy Ghost.

Thus gleaning here and there from our only authoritative source in answering the question under discussion, we find the Holy Spirit introduced in the Scriptures in all the various states, actions, feelings, and forms of expression by which we introduce a person in any narrative. There runs through the Bible, and particularly the New Testament, a series of epithets, attributes, offices and works, associated with the Spirit, that compel us to regard him as a character, an agent. He is introduced with two persons, the Father and the Son, as if he were another. He is introduced with the Father alone, and with the Son alone, and by himself alone. He comes, he goes, he abides. He shows the various activities of a thinking, intelligent being. He shows perhaps as great diversity of action as the Father himself. Why, then, should we not call him a person? How can we avoid it?

It is common usage with the inspired writers, to represent inanimate objects, and the separate qualities of the divine person as if they were living and separate beings; and so the attributes and actions of persons are ascribed to them. And so some, objecting to the conclusion in our argument, say that the power or influence of God is thus personified and introduced variously as a person under the name of the Holy Ghost. This figure of speech, called personification, is of common use in the Bible. But it is not usual in narrative and epistolary discourse. It is confined almost entirely to the poetic, prophetic, and highly figurative portions of the Scriptures. It is very rare in plain prose.

Then, though an attribute of the Father be sometime personified, as his power in the address: "Put on strength, O arm of the Lord," there is no one attribute or quality broad enough to cover all these manifestations of the Holy Spirit. For a char-

acter of many and wide-reaching attributes and qualities is given to the Spirit. No one element in the character of God can be expanded to cover them all, not even by the expansive liberty of poetic personification. It is to be considered, too, that personification is usually abrupt and brief, while this personal representation of the Holy Spirit is so protracted and varied and used by different authors in the Bible, as to constitute him a historical character and prominent actor through the book. In the simple narratives of the Gospels, in the mingled history, biography and incident of the book of Acts, in the didactic and logical Epistles, and in the impassioned and visionary Revelation of Saint John, this mysterious person maintains his position and acts his part. No figure of speech in several writers, or even one, could so personify an attribute of God, and then sustain it as a character through a volume or volumes, and they of mixed styles of composition.

Doubtless many now objecting would admit the personality of the Holy Spirit, if they had not serious difficulties in determining his relations to the Father and the Son. Those difficulties are not here to be considered, but only the suggestion made that God in his nature and mode of being is incomprehensible. It is not for us to understand the constitution of his being. "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing," and if he condescend to make to us some revelation of himself we must expect it to be partial, and incomplete in its parts, though not contradictory. In such a revelation an obvious and persistent endeavor to state a truth should not be repelled because we can see no way to dispose of it. If God offer, it is ours to receive, and if we receive humbly, God is wont to give grace and a place for the proper bestowal of the divine truths. Perhaps we should succeed better in receiving and disposing of the fractional parts given of "the mystery of godliness," if we were less ambitious to show our vain philosophy in completing a system setting forth to human understanding God's nature and mode of being. It would better become us, remembering who we are and who God is, to receive the portions of truth as God imparts them, not attempting by force of human wit to make a part equal the whole, or stimulate human ingenuity to supply, between the parts, what is of design a divinely intended incompleteness

among them. It were well to consider that "touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out." On such a topic, therefore, God's fractions are worth more than man's integers.

ARTICLE II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HEINRICH STEFFENS.

The Story of my Career, as Student at Freiburg and Jena, and as Professor at Halle, Breslau and Berlin. With personal reminiscences of Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Noralis, Schlegel, Neander, and others. By HEINRICH STEFFENS. Translated by WILLIAM LEONHARD GAGE. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1863.

THIS is a tempting title. To redeem its promise the translator renders into fluent English, in this modest volume, the substance of ten volumes of four thousand pages through which the autobiographer "in all the garrulousness of old age," tells the story of his octogenarian life. Steffens was a Norwegian, born in 1773. His present editor, with great good sense, passes the first three volumes of his original with only such notices as serve intelligently to introduce his subject to the reader, and begins the narrative at the point where, at the age of twenty-five, the young philosopher sets forth for Germany to mature his studies and seek his scholarly fortunes, under patronage of the minister of finances at Copenhagen. His specialty was physical science, which he pursued however rather upon speculative than empirical grounds. Starting as a Spinozist, he ripened into a disciple of Schelling. His mind was transcendently metaphysical, and vaguely enwrapped with religious idealisms, yet playful and active to an unusual degree. "He was known (says his translator) as the 'genial Steffens,' and always wore an air of benignity, mingled with nobleness." We shall approach him on his common-sense side, accepting at the

outset his own dictum respecting the inability of the Anglo-Saxon intellect

“to know what German philosophy is, and what it proposes to solve. . . . It was not comprehensible to them. They, caring for no evidence but that of the senses, and valuing no results but those which are gained by experiment and observation, satisfied with a religion which has a determinate and absolute value, and which lets the seen world and the unseen world touch each other, without being in unity, were not the men to comprehend our philosophy.”—p. 88.

We receive the verdict rendered on “the Englishmen” without criticism. It is near enough true for present purpose; and letting the “excess of light” remain without an effort to penetrate it, will use this pleasant book merely as a gallery from which to take down and set on our pages a few of the pictures which it contains of men whose names are famous and honored in the republic of letters, whatever strong differences of opinion there may be as to their soundness of judgment or correctness of beliefs.

Steffens was a young aspirant for professional distinction just at the date when Europe was shaken to its centre by the ambition and triumphs of Napoleon. He was occupying a chair in the University of Halle when the French Emperor bombarded and captured that city. He fully shared in the fever and the ferment which agitated all minds amid those stormy days, and as an anti-Gallican of the directest type, was not exempt from serious personal dangers. The taking of Halle suspended the course of University studies, and set the professor with his friends adrift in the most sorry plight. Schleiermacher was one of these. It is curious to read this bit of biography concerning the personal embarrassments of men so noted.

“After adjusting all my accounts I found that I had seven dollars left. Schleiermacher had no more than I. It was impossible to receive any from distant friends. An army was between them and us, and all communication was cut off.

“We resolved to unite the little capital which was at our command, and to keep house in common. Schleiermacher removed into my little tenement. My wife and child and Schleiermacher’s sister

occupied one small chamber, he and I another, and we all worked and studied in one room. In a corner of that room Schleiermacher wrote his Commentary on the first Epistle of Paul to Timothy. We lived most sparingly, saw very few visitors, almost never left the house, and when our money was gone I sold my silver.

"Yet, though troubled in these ways, we had some sources of comfort left us. We had great and unshaken faith in the future, and believed that we should live to see the restoration of our land. We used soon to gather in at our tea some friends and the few students who had had the courage to remain in Halle. Fortunately we had laid in a large store of sugar and tea before the enemy came. The evenings we then spent together I shall never forget." pp. 161, 162.

This celebrated German theologian and preacher is made a very attractive figure in these notices of his evidently ardent admirer.

"Schleiermacher, as is well known, was small in stature, and somewhat deformed, yet not so much as to be very apparent. He was quick in all his movements, and his countenance was very expressive. A certain sharpness in his eye might to some be a little repulsive. He seemed to look you through. He was some years older than I. His face was long, his features sharply drawn, the lips firmly pressed together, the chin protruding, the eye keen and fiery, the countenance composed, serious, and thoughtful. I saw him in the most varied circumstances — in deep meditation, playful, jocose, mild, and indignant, moved with joy and with pain; but in all there was a constant underlying calmness, greater and more able to control his spirit than the passing gush of feeling. And yet there was nothing impassive in this calmness. A touch of irony played over his features, real sympathy with man never deserted him, and a child's goodness and sweetness were always his. His constant thoughtfulness had wonderfully mastered his natural temper and tone. While he was in the most mirthful conversation, nothing escaped him. He saw everything that transpired around him, he heard everything, even the low talk of others. Art has wonderfully perpetuated his face. Rauch's bust of him is one of the master-triumphs of skill, and whoever has lived as intimately with him as I, is almost startled when he looks upon it. It often seems to me as if he were there, in my presence, as if he were just on the point of opening those lips and uttering some weighty word." pp. 136, 137.

His power over men was certainly uncommon. His genius

brought to him the easy and graceful homage of the public ear and heart, while those who knew him best well-nigh idolized their brilliant favorite. We willingly let his companion and panegyrist tell the following incident of their intimacy, albeit we hardly see our way to interpret, in the circumstances, the highly wrought religious allusions introduced, yet would not hastily question their reality. The reference to his personal and clerical habits is life-like and racy.

"Schleiermacher had not only the post of a professor, but he was preacher to the university also. An old church was fitted up for the use of the students, and when the widowed queen died, it was Schleiermacher's duty to preach the funeral sermon. It was in March. A delightful spring day enticed us both, accompanied by a common friend, to walk out to Petersberg on the evening before the solemn burial service should be held. We spent the night in a hut in the little village of Ostrow. That night will never be forgotten by me. We never drew so near each other as then. Schleiermacher never displayed himself to me more exalted or more pure. That night still comes back to me as one of the marked periods of my life—I might almost say it seems hallowed. The day closed glorious and beautiful; the landscape stretched away, made fair by the new activities of spring. The whole scene was like a vast natural temple: the magnificence gave wings to every thought, it penetrated us through and through, and as the spring quickens the earth, so did this prospect quicken our spirits. I have a witness of the deep impression which this night made upon Schleiermacher, in a letter to his friend, Lady Herz. It was the reflection of his own purity, in which I stood, as it were, illumined. His deep spirituality was more apparent to me than ever before. The Saviour was with us then, as he had promised to be when two or three were gathered together in his name. It was plain to me that a positive religious character has been his from his childhood among the Moravians up, and that what he called in a technical way sensibility, was, when lifted up into the Christian consciousness, touched with the eternal love of God: and it grieved me sorely that the faith of so eminent a philosopher was so misunderstood. This sensibility of his was what faith is to love, what thought is to feeling, the second the cherishing guardian of the first.

"It was past midnight, and between nine and ten o'clock the next day Schleiermacher must be in the pulpit. The subject must be treated with a great deal of delicacy. After a few hours' sleep we

awoke, and yet some eight miles to walk. During the night it had frozen. The warm days which had gone before had melted the snow, and so the road, when frozen again, was uneven. Schleiermacher, an excellent pedestrian, kept ahead of us, and sped along over the roughness. We could scarcely keep up. We noticed how deeply sunk in thought he was, despite the bad walking, and we did not disturb him. When I came home, I had hardly time to put myself in readiness before the time for church arrived. When I appeared among my brothers there was a general movement. 'Ah,' said they, 'now you have come, we may hope at last to see Schleiermacher.' His excursion of the day before had transpired and made the round of the city, and it was even known that we had passed the night in a hut. Early in the morning they had sent to his lodgings, and as he had not returned an hour before the time to commence the funeral service, and the church bells had all begun to ring, they began to think, and some, perhaps, to hope, that he would not come. I kept my peace and let the professors talk.

"Schleiermacher ascended to the pulpit. Every one who has heard him remembers the imposing earnestness of his manner while officiating in the sacred desk. His sermon displayed that careful arrangement which always was a distinguishing mark with him. His very calmness and unimpassioned air made a deep impression, and every one left the church with a new conviction of the nothingness of all earthly relations, even the highest, when brought into conflict with the purposes of God. All my brother professors applauded and wondered at the discourse. The fact that he who had pronounced such an elaborate, clear, finished, and judicious funeral oration, had passed the hours previous in a rustic merry-making, appeared to them unparalleled. I do not think that the rumor of his night in the hut at Ostrow made any abiding impression." pp. 139—141.

Fichte, in those days, was the acknowledged leader in German speculative philosophy, while Schelling was its rising star. The latter, at the age of twenty, had already published his "Possibility of a Form of Philosophy;" and now, not yet turned of thirty, was drawing crowds to his lecture room.

"Professors and students were mingled together in his auditory. Schelling ascended to his chair. He had a youthful countenance; he was two years younger than I, and now the first of the men of eminence whose acquaintance I was eager to make. He had an air of decision, I might say, a half-defiant look, broad shoulders, the

temples wide apart, the brow high, the countenance expressive of energy, the nose a little inclined upwards, and in his large, clear eyes lay a mighty power. When he began to speak he seemed constrained only a few moments. The subject of his lecture was one which then absorbed his whole soul. He spoke of the idea of a philosophy of nature, of the need of embracing nature in her unity, of the light which would be thrown upon all subjects when philosophers should begin their speculations at the stand-point of the unity of nature. He carried me completely away, and the following day I hastened to visit him." pp. 36, 37.

The contrast must have been striking between the fresh and almost boyish appearance of the lecturer and the profundity of his theme. The portrait of his master in these orphic utterances is yet more graphically given :

"After my personal interview with Schelling, I went to hear Fichte lecture, who was just commencing his course on the Constitution of Man. His short, thick figure, with its sharp, authoritative eyes, struck me with an imposing effect when I saw him for the first time. His style of speech was cutting as a knife : his sentences fell like the stroke from a razor. Already acquainted with even the weaknesses of his pupils, he sought in every way to make himself intelligible to them. He took all possible pains to substantiate what he said by proof ; but yet he had a certain authoritative air, as if he would remove every doubt by a command, to which unhesitating obedience should be paid. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'withdraw within yourselves ; enter into your own mind ; we are now not dealing with anything outward — purely with ourselves.'

"The hearers, thus bidden, really seemed to withdraw into their own minds. Some changed their position and straightened themselves up ; others bowed themselves over and closed their eyes. All waited with great eagerness to see what should come next. 'Gentlemen,' continued Fichte, 'let your thought be the wall.' I could see that the hearers set their minds most intently upon the wall, and everything seemed favorable thus far. 'Have you thought — the wall ?' asked Fichte. 'Now, then, gentlemen, let your thought be *that* that thought the wall.' It was curious to see what confusion and perplexity now seemed to arise. Many of the hearers seemed no ways able to discover *that* that had thought the wall, and I now understood how it might well happen that young men who stumbled over the first approaches to speculative philosophy in so clumsy a way might, in later efforts, fall into errors which should be grave, not to

say, dangerous. Fichte's lecture was exceedingly distinct and clear. I was wholly absorbed in his subject, and had to confess that I had never listened to such a speaker before." pp. 38, 39.

This is excellent. One can see that wall as distinctly as did those deeply exercised young gentlemen: and doubtless about as far through it as their nervous glance succeeded to penetrate. One might be forgiven yielding to the temptation to fancy that the whole tribe of those talkers about the "ego" and the "non-ego" have just been looking precisely at "that wall" ever since, and not an inch beyond it.

Another of those shadowy thinkers, whose mysticism years ago confounded us, as somewhat reproduced in the essays of Thomas Carlyle, and who, like Fichte, and in fact Schleiermacher, has puzzled not a few to decide whether he were atheist or Christian, is thus characterized.

"In Jena I also became acquainted with Novalis. I had heard much said about him. There was scarcely a man whose acquaintance I was more desirous to make. I met him first at the house of Frederick Schlegel, in whose arms he died a few years after. His appearance was rather too sleek to be very promising; his clothing was very simple, and his presence was not suggestive of a man of great eminence. He was tall, spare, and had a hectic flush that boded no good. His countenance was dark. His thin lips, sometimes, indeed, ironically smiling, but generally retaining a serious, earnest expression, indicated the greatest sweetness and friendliness of nature. But above all was the lambent glow of his deep, spiritual eye. He was wholly a poet. All existence was to him mythic. Everything around him seemed to look out from a more ethereal atmosphere than ours. He cannot, indeed, be called a mystic in the common acceptance of the word, for such look from the world in which they find themselves placed, into another and more mysterious world where new activities are at work. But to Novalis this other mysterious world was home, and from it he looked out upon our more common habitation. And this mythical element which prevailed in him gave him an intuitive insight into the relations of science, of metaphysics, of the fine arts, and even into the character of the most gifted men. And so the charm of his language and the harmony of his style were not things acquired, they were born with him; and so, too, he could turn with equal ease to science and to poetry, and into his tales he could so weave the subtlest and the

deepest thoughts that the story would seem incomplete without the philosophy, and the philosophy incomplete without the story. . . . In large gatherings or in the company of strangers he sometimes sat perfectly silent, lost in his thoughts. His sensibilities were so acute that he could detect the presence of natures not in unison with his; but where he found kindred spirits, he gave himself up to the hour, spoke freely and at length, and appeared very excited and happy." pp. 108, 109.

Our New England mind and culture does not take very naturally to a kind of religion like that which, to our author, wears so inviting a charm: the attempt of the last quarter century to domesticate it in this vicinity cannot be called a remarkable success. But we now and then come upon an imitation of their "blending of religion and poetry" which excites one's pity at its evident helplessness to comprehend itself.

"I have since then fallen in with men who seemed to be entirely governed by him; men who were severely practical, naturalists and experimental inquirers who prized highly what is deep and mysterious in life, and who believed that in his writings they had found the solution of the problem of existence. The blending of religion and poetry in the writings of Novalis was to them the utterance of an oracle, and in those writings they profess to have found the same strengthening and comfort which Christians find in the Bible.

"In truth, Novalis was religious in the deepest sense. It is well known that from his pen have come hymns which belong to the noblest that the church of Christ possesses. He had, as is well known, a strong leaning towards Catholicism, and he has done more, perhaps, than any other to lead youth to that form of faith. Notwithstanding the publication of his defence of the Jesuits, I feel persuaded that he was a firm believer in man's moral freedom, and in salvation through grace, the grand principle of the Protestant church.

"No other one has ever been to me in things religious, what Novalis was. The deep and earnest faith which had been brought home to me in my childhood began to revive again while I was with him, and entered into all my inquiries, taking the first place there, and demanding to be made the basis of all my work in life." pp. 110, 111.

Steffens' relations with Goethe extended through many years and were generally of an amicable nature. It is not easy to see, in the published memorials of this man, the secret of the con-

fessed autoeracy which he wielded in German letters so dictatorially, and which has yet not been essentially shaken. His personal manners were imposing, even magnificent, in a kingly sort of overbearing mastery of everything within his reach. But he did not secure the love of others, as a warmer heart inspiring so fine an intellect and taste would have done. He was ambitious of high if not highest fame, in every branch of literary achievement, setting up lofty pretensions also to scientific distinction. He was courtly as a professed politician, and artful as a trained diplomatist. This volume does nothing to elevate him as a man, while it does obeisance to his various and affluent genius. We give a very full and well-considered judgment of his life-work from one who had every opportunity to draw it up, and ample ability to grasp the theme. It conveys to our mind a melancholy impression which we believe to be wholly justified by the facts.

"Already, in the opening years of the century, there were some who saw that Goethe's journeys to Italy, particularly the second, formed the turning-point in his development. The sharply-defined individuality, the fearless confidence of his earlier years, then seemed to cease; to take their place had come a quiet humility which did not betoken such strength and richness of genius as the former qualities had done. The later manifestations of his mind were commonly supposed to be well and truly hit off by Novalis, in his happy saying that Goethe loved less to deal with subjects that were greater than he, than with those which he could perfectly master, and in whose delineation he was most at home. I shared in this judgment of him, indeed, but the results which were drawn from it I could noways perceive were legitimately drawn, and they seemed to me all the more untrue, in view of the entire dependence on his judgment which was manifested in the circle around him, and which seemed to grow even when the infirmities of age were creeping upon him and cramping and enfeebling his powers. The earlier writings of Goethe had had a charm for me which the later ones lacked. The great power through which the language of his people seemed in his hands transformed into another and a nobler tongue, the strength which, when he began to speak, went forth in an influence which had no limits, the invincible might with which he attacked and overthrew what seemed to him unworthily idolized — all these had seemed to me in my early years like trumpet-tones which summoned me, too, to victory. His later works did not fulfil those older expectations.

His views then seemed to be in agreement with the times in which he lived. But I afterwards saw that his life, and the works which gave his life its value, were a complete history in themselves, and were unrelated to the great era through which he was passing. There is hardly another author whose life has been so parallel to the manner in which a state develops itself, and where the epochs of youth, manhood and old age have so marked a historical rise and decline, as Goethe. In studying his life, no stage of his development can be passed by. Even the apparently retrograde course of his later years has its significance, if we look at his life as a unit. In his last works there can still be discerned the tokens of the youth mightily struggling to express itself, and in his earliest works can be seen that earnest effort to attain perfect symmetry which characterized the works of his declining years. And it is because this is developed in it that Eckermann's book has its great value in my eyes; for there Goethe appears as one banished—one who has bid adieu to the works of his life, and who wanders like a majestic old man among the ruins of a great fallen state. It was not exhaustion which came upon him in his old age; it was rather the slow and gradual decay of a mind which enclosed, as few minds do, its own history within itself. And, therefore, in Goethe we must carefully discriminate between the process of unfolding in his vehement youth and the steps of his matured mind, where, instead of progress we find a growing tendency to narrowness. The transition from these two sections of his existence contains the secret of his life; it was what he could not discover, and what at the same time he knew; it brought into unity what he *would* do and what he *could* do, and showed in a manner not to be gainsaid that the former outweighed the latter. It was for him to amass literary treasures no less precious than the art treasures which have come to us from the Greeks; to others, no less perplexed than he with the confused political problems of the time, he left the task of looking forward and determining what was to be done. And when Goethe gave up the future as a thing in which he had no part to perform, his spirit began to display the narrowness which marked his old age; not that his creative genius was lamed at all, but merely that it withdrew within itself, and became a thing of the past. Even what the passing times, so rich in all the fruits of human speculation, gave him, contributed only to the formation of his own character alone, and what promised a glowing future for the other mighty spirits of the time, was of worth to him only to solve the problem of his own past life. He died in the largest sense full of years. It was his task to watch over and cherish his life to the last, not so much for what it should be as for what it had been:

and when his veins began to stiffen, and his limbs to be heavy and clumsy, and his tongue to be slow, when he seemed to walk like an old man among the graves of buried friends, he still retained that noble bearing which showed that he turned to the past to read the undeciphered riddles of the future. His death was in perfect harmony with his life. He had proudly turned away from his times; in his old age he did not seek to learn of any living man, but haughtily stood alone; but we, looking upon that fading form, were compelled to listen to its enfeebled words till they ceased at last in death." pp. 191—194.

Gall, the phrenologist, was just then at the height of his notoriety, and was carrying away the staid German people in a whirl of excitement, with his shrewd and novel exhibitions. The sketch reminds us of cis-Atlantic follies of twenty years ago.

"Gall was a man of singular character, and his teachings on the form of the skull and the influence which it exerts upon the talents, and, indeed, the whole mental constitution, was, as is well known, grounded on his view of the brain as a continuance of the spinal marrow, and thus of great scientific value. Gall belonged to the number of those men who believe they find great certainty in one-sided observations and in the combination of their results. I have scarcely ever met a man less troubled with doubts of any kind than he. He seemed to have no suspicion of the possibility of such doubts, and so he proceeded with a confidence which was wonderful. Wherever he came, not only that body of men crowded around him, who, troubled with problems which they could not solve, sought an easy solution, but also the most distinguished men. It is hard to convey an adequate idea of the sensation which he produced. To have at constant command such a convenient and unerring test of the talents and inclinations of men as the protuberances of the skull furnish, was, indeed, very attractive. Models of heads, numbered according to Gall's theory, such as those of great and loved authors, began to be found in every house, and even had a place on the toilet-tables of ladies. Instead of reading the works of a writer, or of listening to the melodies of a musical composer, in order to judge of the talents of either, people were inclined to make the acquaintance of candidates for popular honors in order to examine their heads, and decide from the protuberances of the skull whether to praise their works or condemn them. The mothers felt of the heads of their children to see whether a future thief or a murderer were

among them. Happily, the means of deciding were not strongly marked enough for the popular apprehension. Over the organs of murder-loving and thievery the hand of the mother slipped lightly and did not discover them. On the other hand, her loving pressure had no difficulty in discerning the tokens of future greatness, and her gentle fingers passed at once to the eminences on whose heights she espied the promise of the coming scholar, artist, lawgiver, or hero. Now-a-days we find few of the phrenological models which were once so much in vogue; they must be looked for among the old-fashioned and dusty furniture in our garrets. And phrenologists are no longer to be found, excepting as a kind of sect in England, largely in Scotland, and scarcely at all in France.

"Gall first made his appearance as a lecturer in a large hall, and surrounded by the skulls of men and beasts. Every word displayed his perfect confidence in the truth of his theory, and he expressed himself with all the ease of conversation. The whole array was imposing, and his comparing the skulls of men with those of beasts was somewhat novel and striking. He compared the crania of notorious thieves with those of magpies and of ravens; those of murderers with those of tigers and lions. A glimmering of truth was to be seen even in his erroneous views, and that which satisfied the superficial and light-minded was just what roused and disturbed deeper spirits." pp. 171—173.

Great men were also drawn to this flaring candle like millers and beetles, of an evening, and ludicrously showed that weakness to flattery against which few of the strongest even are wholly proof.

"I wanted to see Goethe as Gall's hearer. The attitude and countenance of a listener in a public assembly have always been interesting to me. Goethe sat amid the auditory in a truly imposing manner. Even his still attention had something commanding in it, and the tranquillity of his unchanged features could not conceal the interest he felt in the subject of the lecture. At his right sat Wolf, at his left, Reichardt. Gall proceeded with his exposition of the organs indicating various talents, and in his free way of expressing himself he did not hesitate to select examples among his hearers to illustrate his theory. He spoke first of such skulls as have no specially-marked protuberances, but which, developed on all sides alike, indicate a perfectly-balanced character; and a rich illustration of this, he said, was seen in the head of the great poet, who honored the lecture with his presence. Everybody looked at Goethe. He

remained unmoved ; a slight expression of irritation struggled across his countenance, but it at once settled into a slight, ironical smile, which, however, did not affect the calm and imposing tranquillity of his features. He next came to the musical faculty or organ of harmony. Now it was the turn of my father-in-law. The protuberance which indicates this organ lies close by the temples. In very truth, Reichardt was wonderfully developed just at that point ; and after Gall had called attention to his skulls and his copperplates, he turned it to Reichardt. Now, my father-in-law was completely bald, and with his crown covered with pomade and powder, it really seemed like a skull got ready for the entertainment. At last he came to Wolf. The organ of language lies just above the eyes and close by the nose, and it is a fact that Wolf was remarkably full just at that point. But Wolf wore glasses ; so, when Gall began to speak of the organ of language, Wolf knew he was to be served as Goethe and Reichardt had been before him. I was convulsed to see the veteran philologist meet the wishes of Gall. He quietly took off his glasses, turned his head in all directions, and looked very much as though his neck was a pivot on which a skull was turned by an automaton, instead of being held in the hand of the lecturer. The confirmation which Gall's theory received in those three eminent men had great influence on all the spectators. But after he had gone I delivered a few lectures on the subject, in which I showed the other sides which oppose Gall's theory, and which he had passed over without any mention. And, although the feeling of conviction which Gall produced soon passed away, his lectures had this one good effect, that they stimulated my friend, the great anatomist Reil, to enter upon that elaborate study of the brain which has added to his fame." pp. 173—175.

We have drawn freely from these pages, but have left very much interesting detail untouched. A sudden turn in affairs, attendant upon the reactionary uprising of Germany against the French after the retreat from Moscow, threw our impulsive man of letters into the Prussian army, where his adventures were both stirring and amusing, and where, as a staff officer of Blücher, he took part in the important battle of Leipsic. Steffens' temperament was highly mercurial, his versatility was surprising ; when in a peculiar mental mood he solaced himself with writing novels ; in his later years (he still is alive, we conclude ;) he seems to have embarked with much earnestness in theological, or more correctly, perhaps, ecclesiastical discus-

sions, having become attached to the Lutheran branch of the Protestant church. As one of the veterans among German literati, he is reaping the harvest of a busy life in his beloved Berlin. It is a distinguished encomium to be ranked, as he is by Professor Guyot, with Humboldt and Ritter, as one of "the three great minds who have breathed a new life into the science of the physical and moral world."

ARTICLE III.

NATURAL ABILITY.

THE tendency of our religious faith, under the influence of a depraved heart, is to deterioration, not to purity. The history of the church, from the earliest days, bears witness to this fact. And nothing has contributed to this sad decline more than "philosophy falsely so called." The philosophy which is the basis of the theory of man's "natural ability" to obey the divine commands has done as much to create and increase this corruption, perhaps more, than any other. And yet the symbols of the church, her creeds, formed under the influence of a purer philosophy, have generally remained untouched.

We propose, in this article, to offer some remarks on this, as some will regard it, hackneyed subject, but which deserves re-investigation with special reference to its bearings on the common mind.

Natural Ability — what is it? This phraseology is intended to express the power which all men possess by nature, or as rational beings by constitution, to obey God's commands, in other words to save themselves, for obedience to these commands entitles them to its rewards. If men can in the use of this ability, independent of any other aid, obey these commands, then undeniably their salvation is in their own power, and they need be under obligations to no one else. The Scriptures teach quite a different doctrine from this. They say of the renewed man, that he was "born not of blood, nor of the will of

the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works lest any man should boast." Yet, is not his salvation of works, if man has power, in and of himself to do his whole duty without any "ab extra" aid? This ability must be a *sufficient* ability, or it is no ability. If it is not sufficient—adequate to the whole work, it is imbecility, not ability; and every man has found it to be so, in his attempts to use it for the purpose of saving himself without other aid. If men possess this power, is it not strange that no one has ever made use of it? A Pelagian, or those of a looser faith, may claim that some men have used it, and saved themselves by their own works, but has any one ever made this claim, who has received the evangelical doctrines—the acknowledged scriptural doctrines of man's total sinfulness by nature, and his recovery from this state by the grace of God alone?

The question recurs, What is "Natural Ability?" Dr. E. D. Griffin, whose mind was as familiar with the hard questions of theology, perhaps, as that of any modern divine says, Moral Agency

"lies in the physical faculties of a rational soul connected with light." Again, "It is so self-evident that a man can not be bound to perform natural impossibilities, or to do what with the best dispositions, he has no power to accomplish, (as for instance to make a world,) that we find it necessary to prove the existence of such a power (natural ability) in order to fasten upon the conscience a sense of obligation. But, call it by whatever name you please, the whole that we mean is, that the physical faculties, reason, conscience, and the will, accompanied with light, are a complete and *bona fide* basis of obligation, independent of the temper of the heart, or the action of the spirit, or original righteousness, or sin; and none the less for man's dependence. This is all that any Calvinist ever meant or can mean by natural ability." Again, "When therefore we enquire what constitutes, or is the basis of moral agency, we are only asking what that is in the creature which is the foundation of obligation. That foundation is no other than the faculties of a rational soul, to which, in reference to this subject at least, (atonement) I am willing to add light."

Agreeably to this statement, obligation to obey the divine

commands rests upon the possession of the physical faculties of the rational soul simply, "with light," that is, knowledge of the commands of God — knowledge of duty superadded to these faculties — independent of any disposition or will to use them in the way of duty. We quote the Dr. again.

"Men are none the less bound to believe because 'faith is the gift of God,' nor to love because 'love is the fruit of the Spirit.' Their obligations rest on their capacity to *exercise*, not on their power to *originate* — on their being *rational*, not on their being *independent*. On the one hand, the action of the Spirit does not abate their freedom. The soul of man is that wonderful substance which is none the less active for being acted upon, none the less free for being controlled. It is a wheel within a wheel, which has complete motion within itself, while moved by the machinery without. While *made willing*, it is of itself voluntary and of course free. On the other hand the action of the Spirit does not impair the capacity on which obligation is founded."

These views are clearly in accordance with scriptural teaching, which everywhere recognizes the free agency of men, while at the same time it clearly sets forth their dependence on the Spirit's influence for every right moral feeling and act. Hence the divine injunction, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." God begins the work of regeneration in fallen, sinful man, and as a consequence of this divine working on his mind and heart, the renewed man, in the exercise of his physical faculties, used now in a new direction and for a new purpose, works out, with the continued divine aid, his own salvation. He is no less dependent on this "ab extra" aid after the regenerating work is done, in the subsequent work of sanctification in his soul, than he was before it was done. This, we say, is the scriptural view of man's ability. How entirely different from that presented in the following statement of the action of the will — the statement which is too generally received at the present time, and received, as we think, on the authority of great names, rather than on sober reflection and thorough investigation. "The power of the will to act is *in itself*, not in anything *out of itself*. Self action is necessary to freedom. Outward influence upon it necessitates action and so destroys free-

dom, leads to Fatalism." Is not this an unwarranted assumption, in view of the teaching of the Bible, that man acts freely, and yet acts while he acts rightly, because God first acts upon him to influence his actions; works in him "to will and to do"? What if this divine working in man, while yet he is left to act freely, is inexplicable to our limited minds. It is no more so than a thousand other things. These two seemingly contradictory statements, that man acts freely and yet acts, in the work of his salvation, because God acts in him and with him, are to be received because they are taught by Him whose teachings are infallible. The unexplained facts of the Bible are matters of faith. That the human will is free, and yet that it is under the control of a power outside of itself and above it, is no more to be questioned than are the miracles of the Bible, or even the existence of God.

It is this false view of the nature and power of the will which has led to the assertion, in an unguarded moment it may be, and under the impulse of public discourse, that "the will of man is omnipotent, and that it is not in the power of God himself, in a moral system, to control it." Is this any other than the statement, in balder terms, of a late theological teacher, that "God in the construction of a moral system, could not exclude sin"? The idea is intended to be given, in the above statement, not the precise words.

If the preceding statement, that "outward influence upon the will necessitates action and so destroys freedom" be true, then "the self-determining" power of the will, the power which John Taylor of Norwich claimed for it, and which President Edwards denied, and we think proved could not belong to it, is clearly established. And this, let it be kept in mind, is the point where the shading off from the truth into error begins. When the down-hill tendency from truth to error begins, we know not where it will stop. It may stop, as in the case of many pious people it undoubtedly does, in Arminianism, or in something a little further removed from the truth than this. The defection, in very many cases at least, begins *here* in this misconception of the power of the will. Proud man, made proud by sin, loves independence—even of his Maker. From this love all self-righteousness springs, and in its indulgence

humility dies. The defection begins here. Where it will end, no one, either in his own case or in that of others, can tell. Hence the necessity of a true instead of a false philosophy at this starting point.

On this question of man's ability to obey divine commands we need to inquire for the power which moves the will to obedience. If the power is exclusively in the will itself, then he needs no other power, and his ability is fully adequate to the work required of him. Material things afford an imperfect illustration of the subject in hand, the ability or non-ability of man in his unregenerate state to obey divine commands, and yet we may be aided to right conceptions here by means of them. The steam-engine upon the rail-way furnishes, perhaps, as good an illustration as we can find. The mechanism is perfect. The motive power is within itself, and yet it does not move. Another power must be applied, or it will remain motionless upon the track. A valve must be opened by the engineer to let the steam, the motive power, upon the machinery. Till this is done the engine cannot move. So soon as it is applied it moves, and increases in speed in proportion to the power. The rail-track leads in one direction to a beautiful country, in the opposite to a dangerous precipice and a yawning gulf. To make this illustration more perfect, we must suppose the train on its way, with more or less speed, to this yawning gulf. There it will go unless the hand which controls the motive power is applied to make the engine move in an opposite direction. That hand is an outside power upon the motive power within, which of itself cannot produce a change in the direction in which the train is moving. The engine has no self-moving power. On it will go when once started upon the track — *must* go to destruction if the outward controlling power is not applied to check its course, and if necessary turn it back.

The single point of this illustration in respect to the subject in hand — human ability to obey divine commands — is this, *the necessity of power outside of the will* to lead it, or influence it in a right direction, to the putting forth of right choices. This is a fact which no one, holding evangelical views on this subject, denies. We need not stop here to inquire whether, as

Dr. Emmons teaches, God is the inspirer of wrong as well as of right choices, or whether as most men, who are conversant with these subjects, believe, that man in the use of freedom of will, since the fall, will always choose wrong instead of right. The will, under the influence of a depraved heart, always leads men to choose the wrong, never to choose the right. The question then is, Is there power in the will itself, without an outside power upon it, to change its choices and to lead men in right ways instead of wrong? Those who hold the natural-ability theory affirm that it has this power. Those who deny it affirm that it has not. The Scriptures explicitly, and by implication, affirm that it has not. Augustine, Calvin, and Edwards, as distinguished thinkers on the whole subject of sin as the world has produced since apostolic times, say it has not. If it has, then it has a self-moving, a self-determining power, and man can save himself—can do his duty, and ground his salvation on the merit of his own works. If he has not, then we must be saved by grace, by a power without us and above us.

It is claimed that the will, in order to its perfect freedom, must act spontaneously, that is “without incitement from any external cause.” But, is it competent for man to say it *must* so act?—that it cannot act freely unless it possesses this inherent, independent power? The spontaneity of the will, indeed, implies freedom of action, but does it imply that it cannot act freely unless it acts independently? The Scriptures teach that it acts freely, but they do not teach that it acts independently. If the will, in order to free action, *must* act independently of external power, then man’s salvation is hopeless on the score of grace. He is shut up to salvation by works, if saved at all; for if God exerts an influence on his will to make him “willing in the day of his power,” he destroys the spontaneity of his will, and so the freedom of action, and makes him but a machine. He incites him to act differently from what he would have acted, if left to the freedom of his will. Salvation by grace is made hopeless. If he is saved he must be saved by “works of righteousness” which he has done himself. The truth is man does act freely in working out his own salvation, at the same time that “God works in him both to will and to do of his good pleasure.” There is a mystery here. Let us leave that

for future solution, and in humility take the facts that the will is free, and yet that it is acted upon by a divine power whenever man repents, believes, loves, and obeys.

We are aware that this logical consequence is disclaimed by those generally who contend for "natural ability," but we think on wholly insufficient grounds. If it is sufficient ability to obey all divine commands, and this is the claim, this is all that is necessary to salvation. If it is not sufficient for the *whole* work, it is not ability, and salvation can never be obtained by it. Salvation is wholly by grace, or it is wholly by works — wholly by divine power in renewing the soul, or wholly by human power in doing the same. If not, then, as Paul says, "grace is no more grace and work is no more work." We cannot, in the matter of salvation, mingle what God, in the above declarations of the apostle, has separated. The advocates of natural ability claim co-operation in the work of regeneration, that God and man work together simultaneously, not only in the order of time but also in the order of nature. But it is not co-operation in the strict sense of simultaneousness. God leads, man follows. God acts, then man acts. Man acts because God first acts upon him. Man is willing because God inclines, influences him, in his own divine way, to be willing. He is willing in "the day of God's power," and never can be willing before. Man's sufficiency in this matter, as well as in every thing else, is not in himself. "Our sufficiency is of God." President Edwards is in point again, and we quote him.

"It will follow on our author's principles [John Taylor] not only with respect to infants, but even adult persons, that redemption is needless, and 'Christ is dead in vain,' for, says this author, God has made other *sufficient* provision for that, viz., a *sufficient power and ability in all mankind to do all their duty, and wholly to avoid sin.*" Yea, this author insists upon it that "when men have not sufficient power to do their duty they have no duty to do. We may safely and assuredly conclude that, mankind, in all parts of the world, have sufficient power to do the duty which God requires of them, and that he requires no more of them than they have sufficient powers to do — God has given powers equal to the duty he expects." "These things," continues President Edwards, "fully imply that men have, in their own natural ability, sufficient means to avoid sin, and to be perfectly free from it, and so from all the bad consequences of it.

And, if the means are sufficient, then there is need of no more, and therefore there is no need of Christ's dying in order to it." Reply to John Taylor on Orig. Sin. Part 3, chap. 1, § 4.

Dr. Skinner, in the *Presbyterian Quarterly* for 1861, says, "In the great change, called regeneration, nothing in effect is done but to bring about a new use of natural ability by putting it under the command of a new disposition." This is a common sense view—the physical faculties, reason, conscience, and the will under the command of a new heart. The promise is "a new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put in you; the stony heart will I take away, and I will give you a heart of flesh." Again he says:

"The disposition of the man determines the use of this natural ability, according as the disposition is right or wrong." "Man has no power of any kind directly to regenerate himself." "For this work man has no natural ability." "As to the preaching of ability shall we, on the ground simply of man's having natural ability, urge the holy exercise of it, just as if this hindrance to such an exercise of it did not make it certain that he will not of himself alone exercise it thus."

If men do possess the ability set forth in the philosophical dogma now under consideration, it is pertinent to inquire how soon they begin to use it. Some say at birth; some that it is at a period some time after birth, extending it even to years. Will it be presumptuous to say that it is coeval with the soul's existence whenever that period may be? Who is competent to say the soul has not an existence, and an existence in connection with the body, before birth? And as the soul has all its physical faculties from the beginning of its existence, must not natural ability be possessed before birth, if the soul exists before birth? Must it not be *at* birth if the soul first has its existence then? If the soul is not in existence then, is there not a body without a soul? a position too absurd for any one to take in such a discussion as this.

What is the character of a child possessing the physical faculties before using them? We say possessing them, for it cannot be a rational being without them. What is the responsibility of the child before their use, if there be an early period of exist-

ence without their use? Is it replied none? This is the answer given; and, it is generally maintained, by those embracing this philosophy, that accountability does not commence till the child is old enough to understand, in some measure at least, its moral relations to law, which none surely would say, with some few exceptions perhaps, is as soon as birth. When pressed with the question, How then is the infant saved? the reply often, if not commonly, is, Probably it has its season of probation in the coming world. *Probably.* The positive assertion that it has its probation there is not ventured, for this would too plainly conflict with the explicit teachings of the Scriptures that this life is the only season of human probation.

The question returns upon us, in view of this philosophy, How is the infant saved? It is not a sinner, except in the sense, that by the fall it has lost "the balance of its sensibilities," that is, as this phraseology is intended to be understood, the natural affections have become so weakened, corrupted by the fall, that the will, under their influence, is always inclined, from its first action, to make wrong instead of right choices. And when the question has been raised, What shall we call this corruption, this weakness of "the sensibilities," in which, however, there is nothing morally wrong, the reply has been given, "It is *corruption*, call it original sin."

The question still presses, How is the infant saved? It is not a sinner till it refuses to use its natural ability in obeying divine commands; and, it cannot use it till moral relations are comprehended. Can the new-born infant comprehend these relations? Yet the new-born infant dies. How is it saved? We all incline to the belief that it is saved. But how? The Bible teaches that all men are sinners—children, infants as well as adults. "Death passed upon all men for that all have sinned." Christ "came into the world to save sinners." He "tasted death for every man"—for the race including every human being.

But the advocates of the natural-ability philosophy ask, Is it not an absurdity to say a child is a sinner at its birth, and before, if the soul exists before, and while it is incapable of understanding what sin is? Absurd or not, the Bible says it is a sinner. "*All have sinned.*" In some sense—the Bible does

not say in what, it declares all men to be sinners. If we cannot understand how they are so, does our inability to do this destroy, or in any way invalidate the fact? "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" And, is it not equally absurd to say, it has natural ability to obey divine commands before it knows what these commands are — yea, before it knows even "the law written in the heart"?

Still, it is claimed that this is the most rational view of the subject. And, is not the other the most *scriptural*? Which shall bow in such a case as this, the scriptural, or the alleged rational view? Here is conflict. Which shall yield, the word of God, or man's philosophy?

It is, however, acknowledged by the advocates of natural ability, that there are, to the human mind, inscrutable things respecting it in the case of the infant. We acknowledge there are such, in respect to infant depravity as taught in the Scriptures. But there is the fact, and we do not care to go beyond the record of the fact, because we have no means of certain and satisfactory investigation beyond it; no more than we have in the case of the divine existence in trinity, or the union of the divine and human in the God-man Christ. We undertake not to explain the fact. We are not required to do this. We take it as revealed, as we do all the other revealed facts of the Scriptures, and wait for further light, if God shall ever vouchsafe to give it to us. In respect to infant salvation, which necessarily comes into this discussion, Richard Baxter says, "You cannot exempt infants themselves from sin and misery without exempting them from the Redeemer and Remedy." "If infants have no sin and misery, then they are none of the Body, the Church, which Christ loved and gave himself for, that he might cleanse it."

Few will venture to say with "the venerable divine of Franklin," that natural ability begins with human existence, except as this ability consists in the possession of the physical faculties of reason, conscience and will. He did not fear to push a doctrine to its legitimate consequences. Yet, if it does begin with human existence, then the infant of a day can obey the divine commands and save itself. If it is not available ability that the

infant possesses, it is no ability. Who then may be presumed to believe in the infant's ability to obey divine commands except for the purpose of supporting a philosophical theory; and, who can logically avoid the conclusion that it does possess this ability, if he adopts the philosophy?

As before conceded, there are things beyond human, perhaps, beyond any creature's comprehension, in regard to infant depravity—moral depravity, not natural, as the "new theology," the "progressive theology" styles it—the depravity which consists in "the sensibilities thrown off from their balance." There are deep, mysterious, incomprehensible things in respect to the introduction of sin into the world, and the origin and nature of it in the human soul, things which far-reaching minds have grappled with, but have never yet elucidated. But, the Bible teaches the doctrine; and, when we have the authority of a "thus saith the Lord," controversy should end. Our faith must stand on the divine declaration, not on our ability to comprehend it; and, a reverent, humble spirit, not a questioning, cavilling, unbelieving one, becomes us in the presence of the divine sayings.

Many passages of the Scriptures prove the doctrine of infant depravity. Some have been already quoted in the preceding pages. We add this, "and were by nature children of wrath," and this, which we adduce for the sake of the comments of some distinguished biblical scholars, "behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Augustine and Dr. Wette—this last with no prejudices in favor of evangelical truth—render this text "Behold, with a sinful nature was I born; yea, even in my mother's womb, I possessed it." Tholuck says, "The right conception of sin comprehends its being acknowledged not only in works, but also in our entire being. The knowledge that the root of sin is based on an absence of the love of God points to deep-seated corruption. David confesses sin to begin with the life of man; and that, not only his works, but that the man himself is guilty before God." The "deep-seated corruption," of which Tholuck here speaks, is moral corruption, not natural—not a physical depravity, as it must be if the sensibilities only are depraved, or weakened.

The sensibilities, or affections belong to the physical, not the moral nature of man. "Original sin," according to the old theology, is pronounced to be physical sin, and men, it is asserted, instead of sinning are "besinued," if sin belongs to man's nature. And, is he not besinued also according to the new theology? He is born with a physical nature, with sensibilities, natural affections so depraved, weakened by the fall, as to make it certain that he will sin as soon as he begins to act morally. Is not this physical depravity? It is man's *nature*. We do not see but that the sarcasm, sneer, or whatever else we are pleased to call it, falls as heavily on the new as on the old view of original sin; and, we do not see but that God's character labors under the one view as under the other, if it labors at all.

The Scriptures teach that man, in his unregenerate state, is "dead in trespasses and sins." Is not this figurative language inapt, meaningless, and adapted to leave an entirely erroneous impression on the mind, unless it was intended to convey the idea of the helplessness of man, in his unregenerate state, to quicken himself into spiritual life? The body physically dead cannot restore itself to physical life. Can the soul spiritually dead restore itself to spiritual life? Has it any more power for this purpose than the dead body to throw off its winding sheet, burst its coffin-lid, and rise from the grave? "*Dead* in trespasses and sins." What available power has it to put on spiritual life? Can moral power restore physical life? Can physical power restore moral life? This is the claim made, in the latter case, when it is asserted that man, in the possession of physical faculties merely, without any other aid, has ability to obey all divine commands, and so is under obligation to regenerate and save himself.

"No man," says the Saviour, "can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." He says indeed also, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Did he mean to contradict himself in these two forms of speech? This is inadmissible; and yet he does, if man has available ability of any kind to come to Christ, to believe in Christ, without any other aid than that which he naturally possesses. The "can not" and the "will not" are in reality the same thing. While the

"will not" remains, the "can not" is a necessary consequence. Now, the question is, Is there, while the will remains unchanged, the possibility of a change of choice *ab intra*, that is, by any power inherent in the man himself? Can a man without a will to do a thing do it? Grant that he has the physical powers. Can he use them? What if he has ability — natural ability, to travel north as well as to travel south. Can he go north so long as he has only a choice, or a disposition to go south? Can a sinner repent without a disposition to repent, or if any are disposed to prefer the word choice to disposition, without a choice to repent? What is the character of man between his choices, if all moral action and responsibility consists in choices? Repentance is a moral act; and can mere physical power help him to perform a moral act? Has natural ability alone any control over moral inability? Must there not be, from the necessity of the case, an *ab extra* spiritual power brought to bear upon the will — a mere physical faculty — or, as we prefer to say, upon the heart of man, before he can put forth right choices, or possess the new heart?

President Edwards has set this matter in a clear light, in his *Treatise on Original Sin*; and, as his views are summarily expressed in a former number of this Review, (Vol. II. pp. 350, 351,) we beg leave to quote.

"For a totally sinful heart to resolve itself into a holy heart is to establish the kingdom of heaven without the grain of mustard seed. If we can secure the first holy choice, purpose, or act, we gain a stand on the side of God. That act shows that we are already there. But, with a heart only and wholly sinful, and fully purposed to continue so, how shall this first act be secured? It is not 'of the will of the flesh' to perform it. The idea of constituting one's self a Christian, by a resolution or act of the will, can be defended only by first denying native depravity. This was the position of Arminianism taken by John Taylor, and so stoutly combated and refuted by Edwards, in his *Treatise on Original Sin*. And, whatever soft and gentle names we may get for it, it is still Arminianism, and between it and Calvinism there is no middle ground. The man who can constitute himself a Christian, by a purpose or resolution to be one, must have something better than a natively and totally depraved heart."

This leads us to the consideration of another result of the natural-ability philosophy which deserves most serious attention. Once possessed of this ability, as every rational soul is, according to the philosophy, man must always possess it. It belongs to his rational nature. Without it he can neither be a rational nor an accountable creature. He cannot divest himself of this nature. The Creator cannot despoil him of it, and leave him a rational and accountable being. Death makes no change in these physical faculties which make man rational, which constitute the grand difference between him and the irrational animals. He possesses reason, conscience, and will in this world. He will possess them in the next. In the possession of them here he is able, as asserted, to obey all divine commands, to save himself without any extraneous aid. He is, as it respects the work of his own salvation, a self-moving agent, as the steam-engine would be a self-moving machine if, with the motive power within itself, it could start itself without the aid of the engineer to open its steam valves. Why, with such an inherent power as this, and carrying it with him when he leaves the world, will not the sinner be able to obey divine commands, and save himself in the coming world, at any period of his existence there, if he chooses to put forth the necessary volition for this purpose? And does not this make probation eternal, and give something more than plausibility to the popular doctrine of restoration? The scriptural doctrine of probation, limited to the present life, falls at once before this idolized theory of natural ability. We should not think it worth a moment's time to argue with a restorationist, and admit that man has natural ability to do the will of God, and so to save himself, and that he will forever have it, as he surely must, if he continues to be forever a rational creature. According to this philosophy, who can deny that saints on earth and in heaven can fall from their gracious estate, and that angels, who kept their first estate, when such multitudes fell from it, can become devils too, and devils angels, and God himself an infinite demon of wickedness?

It will be replied to this, that it is an extreme view of the subject—that there is no probability that sinless angels, or sinning devils, and especially that the immaculate Deity will ever choose to change their character. But why not? Sinless man

did sin, sinless angels did. Why should not sinning devils desire to change their wretched state for a better? God is omnipotent in the power of choice. Who can say that he may not choose to exert his omnipotence in this way as well as in any other? Still, it will be said, there is no probability of such changes as above referred to. We grant it, but we want certainty. It is not probable, but on the ground of this philosophy it is possible, and from the possibility of such a change in the Almighty and perfect One, or in the sinless angels, or redeemed saints in heaven, the heart at once recoils.

The philosophy which it has been attempted to expose in the preceding remarks, has had, and is having a wide-spread influence in moulding the theology of New England, and to some extent beyond it. It necessarily goes into the preaching of ministers who embrace it, and gives shadings to their preaching, according to the importance attached to it, and the tenacity with which it is held, and the zeal with which it is taught. It goes from the pulpit to the pews; and, we believe, is letting down, to a sad extent, the tone of orthodoxy, and the high standard of Christian practice enjoined in the Word of God. Under its influence, what is claimed to be orthodoxy, and even baptized with the name "Edwardean," is truly "a dead orthodoxy," and this, not the orthodoxy of the Fathers called "dead," is springing up, has already sprung up, and got foot-hold in our churches and congregations. Its influence seems to be to assimilate, to a painful degree, the church and the world. It is difficult in very many cases, to distinguish a professor of religion, from a decently moral non-professor, who yet acknowledges that he is not a Christian, except that the one goes to the communion table and the other does not. Pure revivals seem to be few. Animal excitements in which, while some are truly regenerated, many are liable to be deceived, are frequent. Hasty and superficial examinations for admission to the church are common. A simple declaration that a person loves Christ is considered as proof enough of piety by some of our pastors and committees. A desire to multiply church members is manifest in very many instances, without regard to the qualifications of the heart, the

inward graces of the spirit, which will make them "lights" in the world, and beautiful "stones" in the temple of God.

We cannot easily decide how much of the laxity of doctrine and practice, above referred to, may justly be laid at the door of the philosophy in question, but we believe no small share of it is chargeable here. Its teachings are unsound, and are adapted to make the work of regeneration superficial rather than thorough, to make it an easy instead of a difficult task to gain the kingdom of heaven. If the teachings of this philosophy are unsound, if the tendency of them is to Arminianism, and through this to something worse, then the sooner they are abandoned the better, both for the teachers and the taught. Let the pulpits be true. Let "the schools of the prophets" be true. Let the people study religious doctrine with greater care and with deeper interest, that they may know on what foundation they stand, whether it be rock, or something which will fail them when the tempest comes.

In closing this discussion, it may be of service to give the statements of the church symbols, or creeds, and also of some prominent individuals, who may be taken as denominational representatives of the faith which they have adopted and promulgated, on the vital point which has now been presented. The Westminster Assembly of divines composed, as it will be remembered, of the most learned men at that time, from the ranks of Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Independents of England and Scotland, say, in the Confession of Faith drawn up and sanctioned by them, "By our original corruption, we are utterly indisposed, *disabled*, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." With this statement all the Reformed churches agree. James Arminius says, "It is impossible for free-will without grace to begin or perfect any good." "It is that which operates on the mind, the affections, and the will, which infuses good thoughts into the mind, inspires good desires into the affections, and leads the will to execute good thoughts and desires. It goes before, accompanies, and follows. It excites, assists, works in us to will, and works with us that we may not will in vain."

This language may be understood to mean what the Assembly of divines teach by the phraseology "utterly indisposed,

disabled, and wholly inclined to all evil." But we suppose it is not so understood by those who adopt what is styled the Arminian theory of free-will. This gives to every man what is termed "a gracious ability," which, if used by him, he secures the supernatural assistance necessary to regeneration and subsequent sanctification. It is the idea of co-operation, God and man acting together in the work, simultaneous action on the part of both, man beginning the work of regeneration equally with God.

Richard Watson says, "The sin of Adam introduced into his nature such a radical impotence and depravity, that it is impossible for his descendants to make any voluntary effort towards piety and virtue." He was an Arminian, and yet how very like is this language to orthodox teaching on the point of man's inability, relying on himself to keep the commandments of God. He was a co-operationist, and the language may be so interpreted.

The Methodist Episcopal church, which claims to be anti-Calvinistic, in several respects, says, "The condition of man, after the fall of Adam, is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and works, to faith and calling upon God." This statement, by itself, needs no alteration to bring it into harmony with biblical teachings and the Calvinistic creeds. Yet we know that the faith of the Methodist Episcopal church and its teachings are Arminian. The meaning evidently is that, by his own natural strength and works he cannot turn and prepare himself, while yet, with divine assistance, he can do it. Does the theory that man has ability to obey divine commands come up to this standard? The Methodist Episcopal church says man "cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength." The natural-ability philosophy says he can.

Pelagius says, "In our birth we are equally destitute of virtue and vice, and previously to moral agency, there is nothing in man but that which God created in him." "It is disputed, concerning nature, whether it is debilitated or deteriorated by sin. And here, in my opinion, the first inquiry ought to be, What is sin? Is it a substance, or is it a mere name devoid of substance? . . . not

a thing, not an existence, not a body nor anything else, which has a separate existence, but an act."

Celestius, a disciple of Pelagius, held that "infants are born in that state in which Adam was before he sinned," that is, as Pelagius taught, "destitute of virtue and vice."

Julian says that "human nature, in the time of our being born, is rich in the gift of innocence," and "nobody is born with sin." He was an Arian.

Now, the natural-ability theory makes all sin to consist in acts. It speaks, indeed, as a consequence of the fall of man, of an aptitude to sin in the natural affections — "the sensibilities." But evidently there is no moral obliquity in these natural endowments of the soul. Then why, on the natural-ability theory, is not the above declaration of Julian correct; that "no body is born with sin"? *No sin before acts*, say both. Why, according to the new philosophy, is not "human nature, in the time of our being born," as Julian says again, "rich in the gift of innocence"? Why, as Celestius says, are not "infants born in that state in which Adam was before he sinned" — not a state of holiness, but a state "equally destitute of virtue and vice," and as Pelagius likewise says.

This doctrine that all sin consists in acts, and belongs not to the nature of man in any sense aside from acts, (we think we are not mistaken in this statement of it,) and the philosophy, that men have natural ability to save themselves, are held by their advocates, in common with a belief of most of the evangelical doctrines, the Trinity, the Deity of Christ and the Holy Spirit, Divine Sovereignty, Election, Atonement and Regeneration, with some modifications, Perseverance of saints, the Resurrection of the body, the Judgment, and eternal Rewards and Punishments. This sound scriptural coin gives currency to the base philosophical coin. The mind uneducated in philosophy, and in the more difficult points of theology, fails, in a great measure, to detect the difference between the old and the new teachings on the subject of sin; and, while the doctrines of the Scriptures and of the evangelical churches are held in the main, even if they are not all taught as they should be, and as much as they should be, men presume that the preaching is not at

fault, and so the masses slide insensibly, under the influence of a corrupt heart, into an easier faith, respecting the doctrine of sin, a doctrine fundamental in the system of Christian truth.

The views which men take of sin, to a great extent, give a hue to their belief respecting all other Christian doctrines. The tendency of error here is a tendency to error in the entire system of the Christian faith. The first step downward from the true faith is to Arminianism, and from this to grosser forms of error. How far any of these forms may be held by the truly pious, it is not competent for any man to determine. Nor is this necessary. It is sufficient to affirm, that any departure whatever from the truths of the Bible leads to still further departures, till at last, the landing-place is infidelity. Therefore, stop at the beginning. Take not the first step. The founders of our principal Theological Seminary in New England, in enumerating the errors not to be taught in it, but refuted rather, begin with Arminianism, and then, in the enumeration, run through the downward series. They were fully persuaded that, if any of its teachers or students took the first step, there is danger that, some of them at least, may take the second, and third, and so on through the chapter. Many feel that a downward course, in regard to doctrine, and consequently, in regard to practice, has begun in our churches, and that it is high time that we "ask for the old ways, and walk in the old paths," lest we fall again into as serious a defection from the Christian Faith as that which, within the last fifty years, has turned so many of the churches established by our puritan fathers from Calvinism to Unitarianism.

ARTICLE IV.

SPOILS FROM DISTANT SEAS AND SHORES.

CARPET-BAG or trunk — is a question yet to be settled among travellers. But, however thus encumbered or not, one may choose to go through the world, he will be pretty sure to find, after a long cruise, the lower regions of whatever receptacle he has, converted into a curious enough museum of miscellaneous mementos of places which he has visited, all of which go to make up that plague of custom-house officers called “souvenirs of travel.” Of course, to their collector they have an untold value, however destitute of this quality they might be at a broker’s counter or a haberdasher’s stall. Here is a paper of pebble stones which he has tied up at the foot of “Sumium’s marbled steep,” or where the crisp waves lave “the merchant-marring rocks” of the Symplegades ;

“ And rippling waters make a pleasant moan.”

“What will he do with it ?” is a question which the author of “Zanoni” and a hundred others of “My Novel” never asked with more solicitude than our tourist mentally interrogates, as some sharp-featured government official begins to dive into the hiding places of his wallets and satchels and trunk (if he has one) to find if an ounce or two of contraband may give him a chance for a franc or shilling fee. It must be confessed that the ways taken to conceal these treasures often display a rare fertility of invention.

The present writer cannot boast, like a distinguished acquaintance of his, of possessing among his collections of foreign *virtu*, a square of window-frame from Calvin’s house at Geneva ; doubtless it may be genuine in the ratio of one to — whatever you please. But we know a snug receptacle which guards under lock and key some of these memorials of lands far away beneath skies which bend over strange and unlike races of men, with shores washed by other seas than those which bound our Western coasts. As often as we open it, we find ourselves

living as if in another sphere, breathing another air, and wandering in memory among scenes which grow only the more fascinating as months wear on. Shall we unlock that "curiosity shop" of a summer's gathering, and try to re-live with the reader some of those pleasant days?

Shells from the *Ægean* — these from Marathon, the pride of Attic song and story; and these from the old Homeric Tenedos. We have been for a week on these classic waters skimming their crests with rapid keel and anchoring amidst their blue and pin-nacled islands. One long night under the full moon turning the waves into a silver lake, we tried our good ship's speed with two other craft — a Greek and a Sardinian; three white-winged sea-birds flying noiselessly on our courses as if three living creatures crossing and curving with the varying winds. No word was spoken save the low orders from astern to trim the vessels to their fleetest pace. These are the moments that condense within themselves the romance of a voyager's life, magnetizing him as if with the freedom from earthly drudgery and meanness, of a spiritual existence.

"He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow."

But our fleet barque is still enough this sweet May afternoon. There she lies with her chain cable down and the iron flukes deep under her forefoot, swinging lazily to the tide within a gun shot of the Asian shore, close in with the tumulus of Achilles on the Trojan coast. The captain has dropped his boat and bent on the sail which he has been making cross-legged on the cabin floor for weeks gone by. It is a jaunty rig; and away we are stretching for the European side, while a huge Turkish screw war-ship is steaming right up on our track with the crescent flying at her stern, and three rows of open ports scowling with their shotted cannon right and left. It is war-time now (1859) but we are neutrals and Yankees besides. So

we go straight on to the mound-like island whence swam the two terrible serpents which carried terror to yonder Troy, and death, as the writhing marble shows it, to the Laocoons. In Virgil's time it lay "in conspectu" from the opposite plains, and so it does yet some three or four miles off; rich, too, he wrote, in various treasure while Ilium ruled these realms. But Ilium rules no more; and there are no riches here, only treeless fields, and a straggling Turkish town down at the seaside built of dingy grey stone, and opulent only in squalid dogs and children, with a few battered cannon antique as Bajazet's conquest. These Turks use balls rounded out from rocks to the requisite bore. And in everything else they are equally behind the age. But they live on immortal territory which they pollute by every footstep; territory which makes the pulse throb with strange fervors — if

"all except their sun is set."

Look off from this rocky shore upon the pictured scene as the soft light of the declining day, falling so purely through the thin atmosphere,

"Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows."

To the north the peaks of Lemnos and Samothraki jut up into the clear heavens like the turrets of some giant's castle. There is a weird look about these dark, volcanic cliffs which admirably harmonizes with the wild legends and historic memories that haunt these solitudes. Eastward the broad Troad spreads itself out as far as eye can reach, save where to the southeast the range of Ida bounds the view, with the savage heights of Mytelene (the ancient Lesbos) leading the eye onward still further to the south. But this noble bay narrowing up to the Hellespont is a grand inland harbor where thousands of ships might rendezvous. Head winds have now brought some two hundred of these to a halt just here, and gaily are the ensigns of a dozen nations blowing free from their rigging; ours the only "stars and stripes." One language we can all understand if nothing else — the merry striking of the watches on the ships' bells, with a lively tattoo at the end of some of them which means — "come to grog." We strike no tattoo on our bells, though sorry to confess to some sixteen hundred barrels of rum

under our hatches. In a day or two our starry flag will lead the whole fleet with a favoring wind upon our northward course. So here we have picked up these tiny sea-cups in which fair Helle's waves have played hide and seek full often, and some soft bits of Turkish sponge which grows among these rocks, and enough cuttle-fish to sharpen the bills of a flock of canaries. Shall the whole truth be told? Well, here too we have been picked up by a regiment of regular Mohammedan fleas which are thrusting their barbed tongues or teeth into our shoulders, giving us the first taste of this plague of the Orient which taxes its romance and poetry in the way of awful bites, almost as much (one comes very near protesting) as all the poetry and romance of the Morning Land is worth. Not quite, however, on second thought; for those venomous stings are long since done tormenting. But here are these silent remembrancers of Greek and Trojan and Moslem adventures all safe in their nice partitions; and safer still are the sunny memories of those sunny lands hung up like pictures in the galleries of the soul, to fade nevermore.

A bit of milk-white marble, as large as a child's hand — like a thousand other pieces of this pure stone, only this was picked up on the gentle slope between the Scamander and the foot of Ida, where Troy was. "Was," indeed; for now no vestige of a regal city remains save acre on acre — hundreds of them — of finely fractured limestone and other ruins, as if rained down in rocky showers over the wide fields which skirt this "immortal rivulet"; with here and there some great column or other smoothly chiselled relic of later temple or porch, yet fallen ages since to decay; against which yon half dozen gray-bearded and green-turbaned Turks are reclining in lazy dignity, smoking their chibouques and grunting to each other between the puffs in half swallowed gutturals, and ever and anon casting half angry and half disdainful glances at the foreign infidels who have galloped ten miles inland from our ship, over the broad plain, to see the spot where Priam reigned, and Helen loved, and "pius Æneas" bore the old Anchises through the burning wreck of palaces and falling towers. A miserable hamlet of twenty Turkish houses and a half-built mosque to match, now keep solitary guard over these proud memories. A

dozen of the sacred ilex, a tall, white, crane-like bird with black feet and cherry-red bill, were sailing slowly around or perched on the low minaret of the Moslem church. We almost fancied them to be the transmigrated spirits of those ancient heroes come back to their desert haunts, so grave and wierd-like did they look. But Selim has cooked our eggs and coffee—he keeps an oriental restaurant in one of these dirt-floor rock cabins, presiding over his small domain and smaller bill of fare with the solemnest of Moslem hauteur, in full-blown turban and petticoat trousers. While we take our lunch cross-legged on a rough deal bench (there are no chairs among these squatting gentry), young Turkey must examine our watches, ambrotypes, and so forth; and old Turkey, too, becomes a little too free in handling these attractive articles. So the major carelessly pulls out a six-barrelled “Colt” ready to bark upon occasion, which produces a comical jabbering and hauling off among the loose-habited crowd; they evidently take the hint. We spring into the saddle and are soon out of sight, with a single shot at a yelping cur that undertakes to give us a volunteer escort out of town.

The Parthenon, the glittering centre of the eye of Attica, faded now and almost sightless, yet lovely in these desolations as the blind Nydia herself—this curiously cut fragment of yellowish Pentelican once graced the entablature of a noble portico on the Athenian Acropolis. And just across the valley at its foot rises another cliff of sacred memories—this is a bit of the veritable stone—the Mars Hill which gave St. Paul a pulpit to discourse of Christ and the resurrection to the lively citizens of this Paris of the Greeks, when these two eminences and many others, with the intervening grounds, and all this mountain-girdled plain shone and dazzled with the snowy marble rising in every variety of monumental and architectural magnificence beneath a sky of clearer azure than canopies scarcely another clime of the wide, wide world. The Acropolis, three hundred feet high and several acres in area, is wholly covered with the wrecks of fallen, and the fragments of still standing temples. Broad stairways set like ledges of rock, lead up its side through gates which seem the entrance to more than an earthly sanctuary. You wander on midst a wilderness of marbles cut

to every form and finish of elegance, a solitude undisturbed save at some corner by the stealthy tread of a soldier pacing his guard among the ruins to keep you from carrying off some broken pillar which would not weigh less than half a ton or more. But yonder a sunburnt girl is waiting for you whose keener eye and quicker finger have anticipated your wish for a souvenir of a spot so glorious. You shall have it for two francs; they all know the coin of their Gallic cousins. It is a genuine "antiqua"—these lines, this color could not be counterfeited. You stealthily compare it with the masses lying about. It bears the trial. The bargain is closed, cheaply enough under that grand old portal, with the picturesque figure thrown in of the gazelle-eyed "Maid of Athens" who must stand one minute for her photograph—here it is: a brightly colored vest or jacket setting loosely to her form draped with a thin muslin scarf or veil flowing from her shoulders; wide cambric trousers flowered or figured at the bottom; a rich girdle around her waist fastened with a sparkling clasp; braceleted arms; neck hung with a string of tiny shells with golden zechins interspersed, and her jetty locks elaborately braided and falling down her back; this is the smart gala toilet of these brunette Albanian damsels.

It is all a burial ground of past glory—these shores and isles of once laughing Greece, among whose mountains and headlands and waters and olive groves and vineyards there seems to be forever sounding the echo of a funeral wail. It saddens one, like looking on a beautiful corpse, to wander amidst her hills and to sail along her shores. The population is indolent and thriftless—even the naturally active and ambitious Greeks themselves; made so by the servilities of many hundred years under the brutalizing Ottoman yoke.

" And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now:
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingle slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair."

Those dogs — one of which a little while ago so narrowly escaped our friend's six-shooter — the Greeks too have caught the fashion of them in village and on shipboard from their old tyrants; but they are emphatically a Moslem institution; they belong to that faith as much as do the heelless slipper and its yellow boot; and the very paradise of them is under the walls of the Seraglio gardens in Stamboul the holy. The dogs are a nuisance to be left in their heaven of Turkish laziness; the mongrel breed has only the one virtue that it never goes mad. But this spangled sandal fit for some houri's foot in princely harem has shot out its sparkles of light in Sultan Medjid's grand bazaar. See the oily Ottoman fop in his furred pelise and rakish fez, too languid to get up from his soft cushion on his pulpy feet, reaching up to a brilliant case full of them to supply his customers. Elegantly shawled and veiled ladies are shuffling along in skirts of richest silks swathed tightly around their ankles, with a tall, sooty Ethiopian near enough for service or espionage. Bearded Armenians in the universal loose trousers and vest, green-robed Jews, Persians with their conical black wool hats a yard high, dervises in their brimless, shaker-drab head-gear, men and women of all the East in gaudy stuffs and endless tinsel, are sauntering through these alcoves making bargains of their own or watching those of others. Everybody carries a string of some kind of beads which they run up and down on the thread with their fingers whilst talking. These veiled sultanas should (if they obeyed their good books) wear a face-screen thick enough to hide their pale features from outside gazers, instead of this flimsy gauze which any one can see right through. And now, by mistake, of course, that misses' veil has slid down so as to show dark eye and laughing lip alike, and it is taking two or three nervous and not very suc-

cessful twitches to restore the airy muslin to its orthodox propriety! There is no loud talking or confusion in these crowds. People speak low, and a hushed hum of muffled murmurs is diffused around like distant waves dying along a beach.

A sharp shrill cry from yonder white minaret—a white gowned priest is walking around it on a railed corridor high up over the throng beneath, chanting in Arabic; “There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet; come to prayers!” Laborers and pedestrians, hamals with enormous burdens on their shoulders, sailors on ships in the harbor, drop on their knees in an instant with face towards Mecca, obeying the summons as if from the unseen world, that is, unless they have begun to imbibe sceptical opinions. But we will go inside the neighboring mosque: their spires, from one to half a dozen each, bristle like needles all over the city. It is a massive square, stone edifice, plastered and whitewashed outside and in, with a dozen small domes roofing it, all crowned by a great central one rising above them in really majestic stateliness. Within is also a vast square room, pewless and pictureless, paved under foot, galleries perhaps around, with a forest of pillars some of them twenty-five feet in circumference, holding up the ceiling. At the door shoes must come off and slippers go on, or if you have not brought them along you must risk the stocking foot itself. Keep your hat on your head, and smile not, at your peril, though you happen to see gymnastics which would astonish our professors of the dumb-bells. Groups are kneeling on the stone floor chanting the Koran with marvellous volubility in a suppressed singsong, throwing themselves backwards and forwards as if possessed with a swinging demon. If it is a dervish mosque, the frantic furors of an Indian medicine-dance will not outdo the whirlings and howlings of these most sacred of Islam devotees. But even in so awful a presence, the kneeling girls will twitter and ogle from under their mufflers:—they would doubtless do much the same in the singing gallery of a New England church.

A waterman is awaiting us at the quay a few rods distant, for a row down the Golden Horn and around the waterside palaces. He sits in the middle of his long kayik on a mat, turbaned and naked to the waist, with pillow-slip pants tied under the knee

and a wide red sash about his hips ; his chibouque at his side and a match-box too, for he will fire up as soon as we shoot into the stream ; and if you have a mind to try a cigarette of Turkish tobacco, he will lie on his oars long enough to make you one. Be careful how you step into this cockle shell or you may step through it. And if you are booted, Mustapha will take it as an especial proof of your good breeding if you will pull off said boots before you put foot on the gay damask cushion in the bottom of the skiff which is to be your seat. If alone, you must sit moveless in the exact centre of the gliding craft ; if two, at equal distances from the sides. Mustapha will trim his kayik to a feather's weight before he will be satisfied, that the crescent tipped oars which he pulls right and left may give their swiftest propulsion. How the water-bird spins on her track ; and another and another — they glance and glide and seem just ready to collide inevitably ; but “*vahdar-vahdar*” shout the oarsmen, and a sheer starboard or port a handbreadth saves us from a submersion in the deep, strong current into which many a poor victim of jealousy or hate has been thrown in a sack for a coffin out of those casements above our heads, to tell no more tales

“ Till the sea with the earth gives up her dead.”

They are mere waxen dolls — these women — whose lives appear to have no aim above that of the butterfly. Their harem-life is just the flimsiest vanity of dressing themselves in gauzy fineries, frolicking away the day in childish sports with their companions of the same class, petting their indolent masters who deserve not the name of husband, or else shrinking from his ill humors in mortal dread ; and now and then allowed to go to the streets and bazaars, yet not without the consciousness that they are never free from domestic surveillance ;

“ And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move.”

Three stereoscopic plates tell the story of their existence, at least where the old regime survives. The first is a charming Georgian girl unveiling herself to her new master, in his luxurious pavilion, with evident mutual satisfaction. The second shows

her at his feet solacing his indolent mood with the guitar, while he is solacing himself with his fragrant chibouque: the air of the rich apartment breathes the satiety of sensuous enjoyment. The third opens in the same sumptuous bower and costumes, the beautiful odalisque suppliant at the feet of her angry lord, and a dark-browed slave behind standing ready with naked dagger, at his imperious command, to avenge some real or imaginary affront, by plunging it to the heart of this discarded favorite of a day.

Constantinople comes nearer than any other city to being the convenient centre of the world. Its unequalled water communication north and south with regions of great fertility, if crossed by a system of railroads east and west into the heart of Europe and Asia, would leave it nothing more to **desire of commanding** commercial advantages, as now it is regally **rich in natural** surroundings. And this reminds us of being often asked if this gem of the Bosphorus or the famed Parthenope of the southern Italians has the finer harbor? a question very like whether the Rhine or the Hudson be the finer river; or whether there is the fairer beauty in an opal or a water-lily; in a half-blown rose or a tropical sea-shell? Each has its own untransferable charms. Constantinople has no Vesuvius — that lump of black lava with a Victoria on it in rude impress, and that rougher cake with a burnt earline hardened into it — were boiling in its huge smoky cauldron no very long time ago; they are cold enough now. But then again, Naples has no Golden Horn and Seraglio Point. Both are magnificent ports, but wholly unlike. Comparisons can add to or subtract from neither. Each was a superb morning picture under a summer sunrise. Charming brides of the sea, they sit like coronetted-queens upon their wave-washed throne.

In the day-time, a cloud of smoke curls ceaselessly up from yonder huge chimney ten miles distant as a bird would fly: the twin summit is smokeless now. At night the streams and oozing outflows of the molten rock gleam down the mountain sides like rills of fire; while ever and anon great jets of flame spring up into the murky sky from the top of the cone, with wrathful brilliance. These faded flowers bloomed on the jagged

slopes of the old fire mountain, the sulphur underneath tinging their once gay leaves with brightest gold and purple. We plucked them as high as one might reach from the saddle turning a hat into an extempore herbarium for their safe keeping. You wind up deep gullies through olive and mulberry groves and trailing vines, uselessly breaking up walking sticks over the head of your sorry mule to quicken his walk ; till every sign of vegetation is actually crushed out beneath the thousands of acres of the emptied contents of the dismal furnace strewing the whole scene with blackness and utter death. You might almost as well have alighted from a balloon upon the lifeless disk of that mass of cinders and scoria which men call the moon. Toil on through ashes and lava up hundreds more of perpendicular feet, scorching your boots with volcanic heat and your lungs with the brimstone fumes of the bottomless pit itself. Creep up to the rim of the crater, and peer over into the infernal depths, and let your ear reverberate the sound of that hollow, hungry, groaning plash below you of the red-hot liquid substance of the earth itself ; you will never forget that deep base growl as if all the hoarse throats of the creation were blent in one horrid concert.

Now stretch away your sight seaward, landward, and what a world of loveliness lies outspread on every side, from this strangest of imaginable outlooks. The semi-circular bay sparkling with its islands, and winding shore of mile upon mile of suburban villages ; the city itself so lively to the eye in its drab stone edifices, with St. Elmo's palace and castle watching over it as a sleepless sentinel ; the glorious champaign of cultivated country and princely domains wearying you with its exhaustless affluence ; and here below you the half uncovered Pompeii which perished with its gay thousands one day when this wild furnace emptied itself, as never before or since, on their unprotected heads. They had built their homes too near the jealous mount and fearfully did they expiate their rashness. But it is just as near to-day as then ; yet this delicate rosebud ventured to open there its petals ; but before it had done it, a stranger's hand from a far-off shore must take it from its bush to put it beside that rich red pomegranate blossom from the tomb of the Mantuan bard high up over the mouth of the Posilippo grotto. Music is in these names, and fragrance is in these memories.

It is quite time that a people, who for generations past have been unearthing their ancient, buried cities, and thus restoring the habits and manners of a dead ancestry to life, should begin to raise themselves out of a burial of ages under oppressions which it is hard to understand how a manly race can tolerate for a day. So long had Italy worn the chains which tyranny rivets on both soul and body, that the world had well nigh lost faith in her power or disposition to wrench away her fetters. Travellers for a century past have visited her lovely shores, and gone into rhapsodies over her miracles of art, her gems of scenery, her romance and poetry, but with only a single note of commiseration for her abject servitude to imbecility and bigotry in church and state alike. Had the iron so gone into her spirit that it would never again pulsate with the enthusiasm of freedom? And was the land of Brutus and Cicero eternally a slave to priestcraft and kingcraft? Capua and the Volturno have answered with a thunder of negatives. Had we suspected what a twelvemonth would bring forth, we should have ridden through that district of Garibaldi's dashing exploits with even more than the vivid interest which its natural charms excited. The twenty miles which divide Capua from Naples is crossed by one of the most perfect of roads. A railway also connects these two points; but a railcar on territory like this, at least on a first visit, is a sacrilege. Every rood of such a country should be leisurely surveyed, for it is but one succession, as far as sight can go, of orange and lemon and olive orchards, with pomegranate and almond trees mingling their carnation and white flowers; and luscious vintages waiting for the wine press, with the countless other attractions which the taste and wealth of princely houses for centuries create in climes like this of the fervid South. What a rough intruder among such gardens of song and luxury is war! Yet better all these delights should be turned into a waste than to endure the despotism which kept its sleepless eye on us, as if we had carried a torch in our hands to set the whole country on fire. We thought the tinder about dry enough to burn; and the lighted match was not far behind. Mrs. Browning says that

"Souls are dangerous things to carry straight
Through all the spilt saltpetre of this world."

So the Italian liberator proved it. He has done the work and wears the laurels of a pure-hearted patriot chief.

If southern Italy can have a really liberal government, can get rid of her swarming priesthood and other ecclesiastical orders, male and female, can set her thousands of lazzaroni to some industrious craft, who are now crawling like countless vermin over her fair surface; if education and the useful arts can wake up her volatile, sensuous, careless people to understand what men and women were made for and can do; nobody need search any further for the garden of Eden on this footstool of the Lord. Turner has idealized, in one of his pictures, the imperial wealth and power and splendor of ancient Italy, in a fabulously magnificent grouping of architectural pomp piled up in columns, cornices, and templed grandeurs as even Grecian genius could never have made actual; with palm trees, and flowers of the orient, and birds of gayest plumage, to complete a scene of matchless terrestrial glory. But more than a Turner's pencil would be tasked to embody, in forms of created grace, the conception of what one and united Italy might again become, under the appliances of modern Christian civilization; would political balance-wheel makers only let her work out her own redemption unhindered by their mischievous help. That kingdom would be the gem of Europe in material prosperity, as for centuries she has held the supremacy in the elegant arts.

But Rome—there lie her ill-cemented states right across the middle of the peninsula from sea to sea—a load of social and mental inertness enough to break down any people; and at their centre the dead old capital itself, a sepulchre of ancient pride and living putridity. How pensively she keeps guard over her own lifeless remains out there amid the lonesome weariness of her Campagna—leagues of the monotonous level stretching away from her to the sea in the dim distance, and to the blue-topped hills skirting inland the scene on the eastern horizon; while year by year the poisonous malaria creeps nearer and nearer her walls, threatening her people with a literal extermination. No one can mock or curse her in her anguish, though her hands are red and her head is hoary with the guilt of centuries.

“ The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

“ The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride ;
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climb'd the capitol ; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say ' here was, or is ' where all is doubly night ? ”

Nothing but sadness can come of thinking upon her degradations and crimes. But the flowers grow among her ruins — these were gathered on the loftiest range of her colossal Coliseum walls ; hundreds of specimens find soil enough on those old ruins for a vigorous nourishment ; and one forgets her woes in wandering through her gorgeous galleries where the canvas and the marble tell how immortal are the creations of human genius. These are in truth

“ Her resurrection ; all beside — decay.”

It is very singular to a traveller from our own bran-new country to be walking these streets some ten to twenty feet above the grade where Roman armies and citizens used to go, and all this filling up the work of Goth and Vandal ravages, and the steadier desolations of more than a thousand years. What masses of rubbish — the wrecks of imperial, civic, sacerdotal edifices — have been tumbled and bedded together to lift the surface of this city to its present level ! These bits of stone were lying at the foot of the Tarpeian rock of fatal memories, some thirty feet higher up than its ancient base which once gave a fall of seventy or eighty feet, when in republican days, from the precipice above,

——“ the traitor's leap

Cured all ambition.”

You lean over the wall of street or piazza, where excavations have been going on, and look down as into a deep cellar to the foundations of former structures rising from the original pavements far below your feet. In this way the great Forum and some smaller ones, and baths and columns and temple walls have been reopened. The peerless marbles of the Vatican, the massive basalts and porphyries and red granites and alabasters and jaspers which shine in perpetual polish through its long halls and galleries, brought by the Cæsars from Greece and Egypt, were exhumed from the debris of their palaces fifteen or twenty feet under ground, where they had lain in oblivion since Rome fell before her northern spoilers. How silent that long sleep! and who can tell what else of priceless worth may lie down there still in the same forgetfulness?* Yet it would not much matter what may slumber thus underground, if that which lives and breathes above the surface might but throw off the nightmare which suffocates it, and really live.

But these other silent “*compagnons de voyage*” lying here so long and patiently for a friendly recognition also in this rambling reviewal—bright agates and carnelians of the Alps; cunning marvels of Swiss whittling in yellow cedar; battered bullets and torn draperies from the trampled field and cannonaded chateaus of Magenta; bits and chips of all breakable and cutable and carry-off-able things, from a cone of the monarchs of Lebanon to a piece of the old cathedral of Hebridean Iona; coins too of those far away peoples; pictures recalling so vividly the sublimities, beauties, oddities of their world of work and play, and varied, ceaseless novelties; and you, not least, our trusty Alpen-stock, scored with the name of many a perilous pass, which helped the unpractised adventurer safely over the yawning chasms and slippery footing of the seas of ice—what thronging memories do ye evoke, mirthful and thrilling and softly pleasing from the empurpled past, each asking for a voice to tell its story; but like many an eloquent pleader obliged to submit in silence to the inexorable “*make way for another.*”

* Since writing this we see in a foreign paper an account of the exhuming of a palace outside the Porta del Popolo, a few feet only under ground, where, among other treasures, a noble statue of one of the old emperors has been recovered.

ARTICLE V.

JOHN CALVIN.

"AFTER darkness I hope for light." Such was the significant and prophetic motto of Geneva. Rapidly had her character and her influence changed since the return of Calvin from his temporary banishment. From being the favorite resort of those who seek for nothing more in this world than pleasure and the unchecked indulgence of lawless passion, receiving into herself from every quarter, and dispersing abroad as freely again, the influences that tend to corruption and ruin, she was becoming, more and more, the longed for asylum of the oppressed and persecuted, those whom the world had cast out of her bosom, to whom the cross of Christ was more precious than all things beside, and the liberty to worship God in purity and peace the dearest boon that earth could any where bestow; while instead of the poisonous streams that had issued forth from her of old, she was become a fountain of sweet and healthful waters sent out far and wide to refresh the thirsty and waiting lands.

The number of inhabitants in Geneva in the year 1500 was 12,000. In 1543, two years after Calvin's return, it was 13,000. In 1550 it had swelled to 20,000. This great accession of population was mainly due to the influx of refugees which now took place from every quarter. To give an example of the variety of nationalities thus represented, the register of Oct. 14, 1557, contains the following record: "300 inhabitants were received [to citizenship] in one morning, to wit, 200 Frenchmen, 50 Englishmen, 25 Italians, 4 Spaniards," &c. Yet Calvin did not hesitate to warn those whom he exhorted to flee thither, that they must expect no haven of earthly peace.

"You will ask me," he says, in addressing Madame Budé, "if being come hither you shall always have assured repose. I confess that you will not; for while we are in this world, it is fitting that we should be like birds upon the branch. So it has pleased God, and it is good for us. But since this little corner is vouchsafed to you, where you may finish the remainder of your life in his service, if

he so please, or profit more and more, and be confirmed in his word, in order that you may be more ready to endure persecutions, if it so please him, it is not right that you refuse it." And he thus expresses himself to Marolles, Seigneur of Picardy: "I ought not to inveigle you by vain expectations, having no other desire than your well-being, whatever it may be. True it is that what some promise themselves in retiring hither, rests, it appears to me, on very slender grounds. However, there is this to be said, the Christians here have liberty to worship God purely, which is the chief point of all."

Yet another instance of this fair and truthful spirit may be given from a letter to a French Seigneur, probably Charles de Jonvilliers, who afterwards became his secretary and friend.

"It is needful, at least, that you be informed beforehand, that you shall enter here no earthly paradise, where you may rejoice in God without molestation; you will find a people unmannerly enough; you will meet with some sufficiently annoying trials. In short do not expect to better your condition, except in so far, that having been delivered from miserable bondage of body and of soul, you will have leave to serve God faithfully." "Make up your mind then to follow Jesus Christ, without flying from the cross; and indeed you would gain nothing by trying to avoid it, because it will assuredly find you out."

To write in this strain must have required self-denial, for Calvin dearly loved to surround himself with the noble, the cultivated and the good, and their presence rendered ever stronger the party of order and peace, but what he told them was no more than truth, for indeed they found much to suffer. The old inhabitants regarded them with an always restless jealousy and suspicion, and steadfastly resisted their admission to the rights of citizenship. They were exposed to much insult and abuse, especially at those times when the spirit of the Libertine party broke forth into its most violent excesses, and on one occasion a formidable popular tumult threatened their lives, but was happily allayed without bloodshed.

Yet well were such men as these contented with what they found.

"I always wished in my heart," says Knox, "nor could I ever cease to wish, that it might please God to bring me to this place, where I can say, without fear or shame, the best Christian school

exists, since the time of the apostles. I allow that Christ is truly preached in other places, also, but in no other have I seen the Reformation so well wrought out, both morally and religiously, as in Geneva." Farel gives a like testimony: "I was lately at Geneva," he says, "and so delighted was I, that I could scarcely tear myself away. I would rather be last in Geneva than first in any other place: were I not prevented by the Lord, and by my love for my congregation, nothing should hinder me from spending my days there." "Here," says Beza, writing from Poissy, where he was present at the celebrated colloquy, "every thing is disagreeable to me compared with my very dear Geneva, the thought of which alone revives me."

It is easy to see what an element of health and renovation was introduced with these men, who were the flower of all lands, though among them were indeed mingled deceivers and hypocrites, of whom, however, some at least were discovered in time, and banished, or prudently took warning that they would do better to go elsewhere. Of this latter class were such persons as Caroli, Bolsec, Baldwin, Gentilis. Of the more noble sort may be mentioned Hamelin, Carraccioli, Marquis of Vico, Knox and Whittingham. To accommodate the various nationalities new churches were established. One of the first of these was that of the Italians. In three other churches the service was performed in English, in Spanish and in Flemish.

It was Calvin's presence that gave the charm. Almost till his death it was felt to be the principal gage of safety and peace. His influence was wonderful, considering how greatly his doctrine and discipline were hated by many of the old inhabitants of the city. He appeared to inspire every one with a sentiment of reverence which was all efficacious to quell the desire of personal attack. Ami Perrin, his powerful and constant opponent, seems never to have lost this feeling of personal esteem and awe. Those who wholly refused submission to the consistory, were sometimes willing to apologize to him. In one scene of tumult and insurrection, which he describes to Viret, he made proof of this power by casting himself into the very midst of the excited and infuriated crowds, whose rage immediately transformed itself into zeal for his defence and safety. On another occasion he was attacked by ruffians in crossing a bridge on his return from preaching. He quietly remarked that the bridge was

wide enough for them all. The manner rather than the words seem to have impressed them, for they instantly turned their attention in another direction. A wild disturbance arose on the occasion of the public representation of a play in Geneva. "Our plays," says Calvin, "narrowly escaped being turned into a tragedy." This was through the fanatical imprudence of one of the ministers. The furiously incensed multitude declared that they would have killed him, were it not that they revered Calvin, through whose presence of mind and that of his associates the matter was quieted. "God indeed," says he on one occasion, "protects myself and colleagues to the extent of the privilege implied in the declaration of even the most abandoned that they abhor the least injury done to us not less than they detest parricide."

But great as was the influence of Calvin's spirit at Geneva, it was not less mighty elsewhere. His correspondence was very large, and connected him with the Protestant church in every land. His advice and counsel were sought wherever the new spirit breaking forth from the old forms craved for itself an expression more adequate to its needs. The martyrs looked to him for comfort and instruction. Those who were hindered against their will from serving God according to their consciences resorted to him for advice and help; and not the humble alone, but princes and rulers were willing to submit themselves to his teachings, and to be counselled by him as to the measures best fitted to promote the spread of religious knowledge and ecclesiastical order, in their domains. Among his letters are those addressed to the Kings of England, of Denmark, of Sweden, of Poland, to the Queen of Navarre, the Duchess of Ferrara, the Countess Anne of Warwick, the Duke of Somerset. But his influence was greatest in France. It was his own native land, whither his thoughts and affections ever most steadily turned, whose struggling and suffering church was the object of his nearest and most tender solicitude. In that saddest, most humiliating, yet most glorious epoch through which the French nation have ever passed; in that age which showed us, once, and for all, what France might have been, had she not chosen at that fatal moment the downward path; whose record stands open to confute us, with the noblest sacrifices, the purest and

sweetest piety, the most genuine and lasting fruits of intellect, when we are tempted to speak slightly and disparagingly of the French nature, as necessarily frivolous, volatile and sensual, incapable of passing beyond the forms of the understanding to any higher intuition of truth, incapable of faith in God and true love to man; in that age to which her modern historian sadly turns, as if to find once more some priceless treasure, there lost, and never regained, the guiding mind more than any other was Calvin's. It ceased to be so in a measure, when the martyr church, that had hitherto known no weapons but endurance and faith, becoming aggressive, linked herself with a political party, and in her seeming victory, that seemed such only for a time, lost—herself.

This is Calvin's brightest glory. And it is in this point of view better than any other that we can understand what he was, and the relation he bore to the Reformation. Tenderly did he love the afflicted and sorely tempted flock. Through all the sharp crises of its trial his eye was ever on it, still seeking its deliverance, its succor, in every possible way. He was continually urging the churches of Switzerland and Germany to intercede for its safety, till they grew weary, and the king by an impatient rebuff gave them to understand that further interference would be in vain. Especially did he exert himself in behalf of the harmless and persecuted Waldenses, and while the terrible sentence was yet in process of execution which swept away their pleasant villages like a whirlwind, and drove forth as homeless wanderers those whom the sword in its ravaging fury had chanced to spare, he travelled from canton to canton, in the hope of obtaining an interference which might even then alleviate, though it could not prevent the desolating blow. When fleeing in vast numbers into Switzerland, the poor houseless victims threw themselves upon the compassion and pitying charities of their brethren in that more favored land, he made efforts to obtain for them the needful succor and sustenance, which did not prove vain. When the isolated and defenceless community at Mentz, hindered in the free exercise of religious rights by the bitter zeal of the Romanists, and especially by the malice and insolence of Caroli were seeking protection under the shelter of the league, he went as far as Strasburg in their behalf,

urging on their cause with all the earnestness and persistence of his nature, and would fain have gone to Mentz itself, there to meet his old opponent in open encounter, had not the circumstances proved that such a step would be a mere piece of fool-hardy daring, which, while full of danger to himself, could not possibly result in any benefit to those in whose behalf it was undertaken.

Let us see now what words of comforting assurance, of wise and thoughtful counsel, of tender and humble affection he could write to those martyrs, who were waiting in their prisons the fiery death that was to prove their constancy and patience to the end. Five young Frenchmen, known as the five prisoners of Lyons, were languishing in confinement and suspense, awaiting that final sentence which, after more than a year had passed, enabled them to witness at the stake a noble and glorious confession. Calvin not only urged forward the efforts made for their deliverance, but cheered them from time to time with letters full of weighty consolation.

"My very dear brothers," he writes, "we have at length heard why the herald of Berne did not return that way. It was because he had not such an answer as we much desired. For the king has peremptorily refused all the requests made by the Messieurs of Berne, as you will see by the copies of the letters, so that nothing farther is to be looked for from that quarter." "As yet we know not what will be the event. But since it appears as though God would use your blood to sign his truth, there is nothing better than for you to prepare yourselves to that end, beseeching him so to subdue you to his good pleasure, that nothing may hinder you from following whithersoever he shall call. For you know, my brothers, that it behooves us to be thus mortified in order to be offered to him in sacrifice. It cannot be but that you sustain hard conflicts, in order that what was declared to Peter may be accomplished in you, namely that they shall carry you whither you would not. You know however, in what strength you have to fight, a strength on which all those who trust shall never be daunted, much less confounded. Even so, my brothers, be confident that you shall be strengthened, according to your need, by the spirit of our Lord Jesus, so that you shall not faint under the load of temptation, however heavy it be, any more than did he who won so glorious a victory, that in the midst of our miseries it is an unfailling pledge of our triumph. Since it pleases him to employ

you to the death in maintaining his quarrel, he will not suffer a single drop of your blood to be spent in vain. And though fruit may not all at once appear, it shall spring up more abundantly than we can express." "I shall not console nor exhort you more at length, knowing that our heavenly Father gives you to experience how precious his consolations are, and that you are sufficiently careful to meditate upon what he sets before you in his word. He has already so shown how his spirit dwells in you, that we are well assured he will perfect you to the end." "Be the Son of God glorified by our shame, and let us be content with this sure testimony, that though we are persecuted and blamed, we trust in the living God. In this we have wherewith to despise the whole world with its pride, till we be gathered into that everlasting kingdom where we shall fully enjoy those blessings which we now only possess in hope." And in another letter, "You must therefore keep this sentence in mind that 'He who dwells in you is stronger than the world.' We who are here shall do our duty in praying that He would glorify himself more and more by your constancy, and that he may, by the consolation of his Spirit, sweeten and endear all that is bitter to the flesh, and so absorb your spirits in himself, that in contemplating that heavenly crown, you may be ready without regret to leave all that belongs to this world."

These five died in the fire exhorting each other "Courage! my brothers! courage!"

The words that follow show in what a reverent spirit he could regard the work of God in the hearts of his children, setting it far above the results of mere human wisdom.

"This is why I have not sent you such a confession of faith as our good brother Pelouquin asked me for, for God will render that which he will enable you to make, according to the measure of mind which he has allotted you, far more profitable than any that might be suggested to you by others. Indeed, having been requested by some of our brethren who have lately shed their blood for the glory of God, to revise and correct the confession they had prepared, I have felt very glad to have a sight of it, for my own edification, but I would neither add, nor take away a single word; believing that any change would but lessen the authority and efficacy which the wisdom and constancy we clearly see to have proceeded from the Spirit of God deserves. Be then assured that God who manifests himself in time of need, and perfects his strength in our weakness, will not leave you unprovided with that which will powerfully mag-

nify his name. Only proceed therein with soberness and reverence, knowing that God will no less accept the sacrifice which you offer him, according to the measure of ability which you have received from him, than if you comprehended all the revelations of angels, and that he will make effectual that which he puts into your mouth, as well to confirm his own, as to confound the adversaries."

Louis de Marsac, one of the two men addressed in the letter just quoted from, thus writes to Calvin :

"Sir and brother—I cannot express to you the great comfort I have received from the letter which you have sent to my brother Denis Peloquin, who found means to deliver it to one of our brethren who was in a vaulted cell above me, and read it to me aloud, as I could not read it myself, being unable to see anything in my dungeon. I entreat of you, therefore, to persevere in helping us with similar consolation, for it invites us to weep and to pray."

When Marsac was led to the place of execution, the rope was not at first put around his neck, as in the case of the others, out of some regard to his quality. "Alas !" cried he, "do not refuse me the collar of so excellent an order." His wish was acceded to, and the three went singing to meet the flames.

The cautions addressed to Matthieu Dimonet show that Calvin still remembered the weakness of humanity, amid all the tokens of God's manifest grace.

"I had forgotten one point," he says, "which is that you should reply to adversaries reverently and modestly, according to the measure of faith God gives you. I say this because it is not given to every one to dispute. Indeed the martyrs themselves were no great scholars, nor subtle to enter upon profound disputations. Thus humbling yourself under the guidance of the Spirit of God answer soberly according to your knowledge, following the rule of Scripture, 'I have believed, therefore I speak.' Yet let not that hinder you from speaking frankly and plainly, in the full persuasion that He who has promised to give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist, will never fail you."

It is recorded of this man that having endured many conflicts and temptations, especially on account of his mother, who, they told him, was dying of grief, he "endured the torments of death quite cheerfully, and praying to the Lord."

To that opposite spirit, the spirit, which weakly avoiding suffering for the truth's sake, and ready to adopt almost any expedient in order to avoid it, proved in the end the ruin of the French reformation, he could apply, when need was, a stern rebuke. Of the class alluded to were the Nicodemites, so called, who, under this name, excused their timid and worldly spirit of expediency. That additional force might be given to his reproofs, and at the request of some of the very persons against whom they were directed, he wrote his only letter to Luther, beseeching him to express himself clearly on this subject, and by his authority convince the hesitating ones of the necessity of a bolder confession. Great was his love not only for that "noble army of martyrs" who stood forth at this hour in glorious contrast with these worldly and vacillating spirits, but also for those refugees, who, leaving friends, home and earthly goods behind them, sought in exile to honor the cause of that Redeemer who was dearer to them than all things beside.

Notwithstanding his love for France, Calvin never returned thither, though at one time the church at Paris desired him for its minister. He was certain in his heart that God had given him his work to do in Geneva, not for Geneva only, indeed, but that he could from that vantage ground do more, even for France, than if he were in Paris itself; and this he effected not in one, but in many ways. It must be remembered that he was the soul of that great theological school from which went forth, year after year, pastors and teachers destined for the service of the French church, and indeed of the church in every land.

The last years of Calvin's life witnessed the beginnings of those religious wars which ended in the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of France, and in the temporary and partial triumph of Protestantism. But these beginnings were in spite of his remonstrances; and though he watched the progress of affairs with the intensest interest, and sent Beza to represent him and the church at Geneva at the treaty of Poissy, and to guide and modify the course of the French church, at this epoch, so far as possible, yet he had little hope of the result on the whole, notwithstanding that he sometimes expresses himself as though God might overrule even these things for good, and so doubtless we

shall find that he has done in the end, yet to France may we not dare to say even in the words of our Saviour to Jerusalem : "If thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

And now we approach the close of his career. Most touching and beautiful is the minute account which Beza gives us of his last days, dwelling with loving remembrance, as he does, on every circumstance that could illustrate how worthily so noble and pious a soul drew near to the confines of the grave. He was oppressed with disease more or less during his whole life, but in his last years so manifold, complicated, and distressing were the forms it assumed that we are filled with wonder as we see how much he still accomplished in spite of it all. "What" said he in answer to Beza's ineffectual remonstrances, because he would not at last be willing to rest, "would you have the Master come and find me idle" ? In the midst of his sharpest sufferings, "no man," says Beza, "heard him utter a syllable unworthy a brave, not to say a Christian man ; only raising his eyes to heaven 'How long' he asked, 'O Lord,' " for this, even when well, he had as a sort of symbol in his mouth, thinking on the calamities of the brethren, by which he was affected more than by any ills of his own.

His farewell address to the council, who of their own accord came to him in his sick chamber, when he had expressed his desire of coming to them once more, is full of humility and confession on his own part, as also of sound and faithful counsel. He also spoke a few earnest words of exhortation to his fellow ministers. To Farel, his old and faithful friend and correspondent, he wrote his last epistle, wishing to prevent the aged minister, now more than seventy years of age, from undertaking the fatigue of a journey on his account. But the good old man came notwithstanding, and when they had spoken together returned on the next day to Neufchatel. The few days that remained were spent by him in almost perpetual prayer. So tranquil was his end that he did not even draw a heavier breath before expiring. His consciousness and reason were present to the last. After he had departed he rather resembled one asleep than dead. His remains were followed to the tomb by almost

the whole city "not without abundant tears." No stone was placed over his grave, for so he had himself commanded. If its true location is now known, it is because love and veneration have preserved its memory.

The brief and comprehensive sketch of Calvin's person and character with which Beza closes his memorial has probably been quoted over and over again, yet it will always be freshly interesting as the testimony of one who knew him well, and was capable of appreciating him. Part of it will not be inappropriate here.

"He was of moderate stature, of a pale and dark complexion, his eyes, which betokened the sagacity of his intellect, retained their brilliancy to the last. In dress, as became his singular modesty, he was neither too careful nor too careless, in regard to his manner of living, far removed from meanness, as from all luxury. He was very sparing in diet, so that for many years, on account of the weakness of his stomach, he ate but once a day; for sleep, he almost went without it. His memory was incredible, so that those whom he had once seen, he instantly recognized, though after many years had passed. He could immediately resume the thread of dictation without any prompting, even after a lapse of some hours; and by however manifold and infinite affairs he was oppressed, he never forgot any of those things which it concerned his office to know. So clear and exact was his judgment, on whatever matters he might be consulted, that he often seemed almost to exercise a prophetic power, nor do I remember any one to have made a mistake who followed his counsel." "Though nature had made him grave, yet none was ever more agreeable than he in the common intercourse of life. In bearing the faults of men that spring from infirmity he was wonderfully prudent, so that he neither shamed nor terrified weak brethren by importunate reproof, nor cherished their faults by connivance or flattery." "By natural temperament he was somewhat choleric, which fault had also been increased by his laborious manner of life, nevertheless the Spirit of the Lord had so taught him to moderate his anger, that no word was heard from him unworthy of a good man, and much less did he proceed to greater extremities; not indeed was he easily excited to anger, except when religion was in question or when he had to deal with the obstinate."

Beza thus closes his brief record:

"Having here faithfully pursued the history of his earthly career, of which I have been an eyewitness for the space of sixteen years, I

think myself well entitled to affirm that in him was proposed for the imitation of us all a most beautiful example of a truly Christian life and death ; and one which it may be as easy to calumniate, as it would be difficult to follow."

The calamities of the church in that age had much to do in ripening her heroes. Is there need for us too of a like terrible ordeal, or are there also bright fruits of a peaceful time, equally precious, though different in their kind? Even so no less shall we be gainers by the contemplation of those strong and lofty spirits, the benefits of whose labors and sufferings we, and the church universal, are reaping now, and shall continue to reap until the end of time.

ARTICLE VI.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

EVERY thing has two sides in our imperfect world. The Church of England furnishes no exception. Hence we are required, in the full view of our subject which we have proposed, to dwell on some matters which it would be far more agreeable to ourselves to leave unnoticed. The beauty of her ancient edifices, the impressiveness of her service, the stillness and marked reverence of her worshippers, the orthodoxy of her creed, the simplicity and earnestness of her faithful ministers, her noble priesthood of learning, and the brilliant host of her honored apostles of the truth and defenders of the faith — in all this we have a picture which makes us feel, while we look on it, that the earth is not wholly delivered up to the curse.

This is one side. The other is now to be presented. We have said already that we include in the category of the earnest, God-fearing, scriptural preachers a much larger number of her sixteen thousand parochial clergy than many of the faithful sons of the Establishment are disposed to do. We are compelled, nevertheless, to leave them in a very decided minority. The great majority of the ministers from whose lips English church-

men should hear the Word of life are not themselves partakers of its spiritual benefits — do not profess to be converted men — would resent it as an injury, if one should call them converted men.

Nor will this be considered strange if we regard the circumstances by which — in a great multitude of cases — men are influenced in addicting themselves to the clerical profession in connection with the Established Church. Take, as the first element in our calculation the fact that there is a sum, variously estimated at from five to twelve millions sterling a year, not equally distributed among her sixteen thousand clergy, but divided into unequal prizes; of which the smallest may be sufficiently insignificant, as many a threadbare curate could testify, but rising by degrees, till Paul's "true saying" acquires a meaning of which he and Timothy never dreamed, "If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good business." In what way are these splendid prizes to be secured? They do not come as the reward of talent, learning, eloquence, high moral worth, soundness in the faith, devoted piety, generous self-sacrifice in the great cause of truth and righteousness: not through the suffrages of the congregation by whom the golden tribute is paid, and by whom the ministrations which it secures are to be enjoyed; but by favor of the man who happens to have the gift of a living in his sole and irresponsible power. A Christian man he may be: a man who makes no pretension to serious godliness he is far more likely to be; and who would be little inclined to require any thing of the sort in the successful candidate for his preference. Peradventure the patron of a benefice may elect to dispose of it for a consideration; in which case the shepherd of the flock will be the man who comes, or whose father comes for him, with the largest sum of money wherewith to buy the living, precisely as he would buy any other commodity, from a London land-agent, or auctioneer. The following advertisements in the *London Times* will illustrate:

"To be sold, the next presentation and advowson of an Ecclesiastical rectory in the West of England, commuted at the net annual value of £247.10; the present incumbent in his 75th year. For particulars apply to Messrs. Beal, land-agents and auctioneers; 151 Piccadilly."

Here is another, still more tempting, which appeared in the same number of the *Times* :

"Next presentation. To be sold by private contract, the next presentation to a rectory in Yorkshire, very pleasantly and healthily situate. Net income £250 a year. A good house, &c. Incumbent near 80, in bad health, and very early possession may be relied on. Price £1700. Apply to Mr. Murray, land-agent, 8 Great James Street, Bedford Row."

Better still is the following, and might answer for a very gentlemanly successor of the apostles.

"Next presentation for sale, to a most important Living, within a short distance from London ; comprising a very commodious Rectory, offices of all descriptions, Garden and large pleasure grounds, with an income of nearly £2000 a year. The incumbent is of very advanced age, and the rector has disposition of other appendant patronage. Principals or their solicitors may have full particulars on application to Mr. Ancona, 8 John St., Adelphi, London."

The disposal of these church livings constitutes an extensive and lucrative branch of business in London, as the following advertisement from the *Times* will show :

"Advowsons and next presentations disposed of by Messrs. Mair & Son, successors to the late well known Mr. Valpy. No charges made to vendor, beyond expenses out of pocket, unless a sale is agreed to. Their list of Church Property for sale is published weekly, and contains particulars of many eligible livings. Clerical Agency Offices, 7 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden."

A successor of the apostles in distress for want of a flock to feed never hesitates to make his necessity known through the same universal medium, the *Times*.

"Advowson wanted, to purchase, with prospect of early possession, to a living in a healthy locality, not too distant from a Railway Station, and offering a good family residence. Address M. A., care of P. G. Greville, Esq., 42 Lombard St."

Let it be noted now clearly this would-be incumbent manages to foreshadow his qualifications. His address, M. A., indicates that he is a Master of Arts, and so a graduate of Cambridge or Oxford. He is a gentleman, moreover, and in cir-

cumstances which entitle him to choose his "place of rest." It must be "a good family residence," "in a healthy locality," and "not too far distant from a railway station,"—on a road leading to London of course—from which it is to be inferred that his friends, his tastes, or his amusements will take him rather frequently to the great metropolis. Sometimes an exigency is apparent, and personal attributes are set forth with more distinctness, rather than the parsonage and its locality :

"Next presentation wanted, with a prospect of early possession. Price not to exceed £1600. The Clergyman is under 40, active, and an acceptable preacher. Address Rev. A. B., Post-Office, Croydon."

One prominent feature in both classes of advertisements will be noticed, to wit, the present incumbent old, and not likely to live long! This sort of thing is of too frequent occurrence to excite remark in England; the sale being in some instances private, but quite as often by public auction. It is no uncommon case for one man to obtain possession of several livings, giving to each congregation one service a week, or hiring a poor curate, for a small salary, to "do all the duty," as the phrase is. Assuredly it requires no prophet to determine whether, with such a system, the great mass of pastors are likely to be peculiarly distinguished by a primitive and apostolic spirit.

Another cardinal circumstance is the fact that a clergyman is a gentleman by Act of Parliament. The term *clergyman*, in England, is by conventional usage, applied exclusively to a minister of the Established Church. The clergy occupy a high social position by virtue of their office. A poor clergyman is admitted to circles from which rich merchants are excluded. Moreover the clerical profession is the direct highway to the loftiest distinction. The poorest and humblest student at the University, who is preparing himself for holy orders, may be presented to a rich living, and set up his carriage. He may marry a rich wife, the wealthy merchant's only child and heiress; or may even wed the Lady Ann, the daughter of a proud peer. He may come to be an archdeacon, a dean, or even an archbishop, and may take his place among the proudest nobility in the great senate of the land.

Is it strange that the clerical profession attracts to itself men

of the very highest classes — not only the sons of rich merchants and bankers, but the younger sons of baronets, earls and dukes? In some cases these clerical sprigs of nobility take the designation of Lord, as a matter of prescription. In other cases they are called Honorable. This depends on the dignity of the father. Thus the son of Viscount Exmouth is the Hon. and Rev. Edward Pellew, while the son of the late, and younger brother of the present Marquis of Bristol, who is also a clergyman, is called Lord Arthur Hervey. We have seen a wealthy knight, and living in a proud castle, go into holy orders and retain the prefix Rev. to the end of his days, though nothing could possibly be farther from his thoughts than ever to discharge any function whatever pertaining to the Christian ministry.

There is no section of the universal church in which a man may attain to a more enviable distinction, as a scholar, a theologian, or an eloquent preacher, than in the English Establishment, as all the world knows. Yet the demand which is imperatively made upon a man, in any one of these respects, in order to the reputable maintaining of his position, as a Christian minister, is nowhere less than there. As regards the devotional parts of public service, he finds all that in the Prayer Book. The exceedingly beautiful and impressive liturgical forms of the Church of England effectually cover up all deficiencies here. It is enough that he can read his mother tongue with correctness and propriety. He has quite as little to fear as to preaching on the score of his own incompetency. Though he could not compose a grammatical sentence, it matters not. There is neither statute, nor canon, nor popular sentiment, by which necessity is laid upon him to make a single sermon in the whole course of his ministry. To be sure he is expected to ascend the pulpit on the Sabbath and read a sermon of some fifteen or twenty minutes; but by whom that sermon has been prepared, is a question which no one thinks of asking. We once obtained for the Sabbath evening preacher to a fashionable London congregation of the Establishment, an entire set, in bound volumes, of the American National Preacher, thus procuring for a goodly number of our countrymen an honor of which we presume they were wholly unconscious — that of preaching, by proxy, in the

great Babylon, and in a pulpit closed against their personal presence.

Is it not as certain as the law of gravitation, that the result of such a combination of circumstances must be mainly a feeble, incompetent, secular ministry? We affirm with deliberation, that if there is one consideration which has more influence than any other in designating a man for the sacred calling in the English Establishment, it is his incompetency for secular professions. The son of a rich and proud family who is unfit for the courts of law, or for the army or navy, will do very well for a clergyman. In a work published in London entitled "*Disphonia Clericorum*," or "*Clergymen's Sore Throat*," by Dr. Macness, an English physician and a churchman, we find the following statement :

"In any given number of young men about to start in their professional careers, no particular choice may have been made in the first instance, as to their several fitness for the peculiar actions they may have to perform; but it generally happens, that should there be any deficiency of health, or other physical obstructing cause; or doubt of the capability of the youth thus ready prepared to take the field, the universal cry is, 'O, I don't think, poor fellow, that he will be fit or strong enough for anything but the church.'"

It were well if this incompetency were only physical. Unhappily, it is quite as frequently mental. Strange, and even incredible as the statement may seem, we hesitate not to say that there is not in all the Christian world a religious community where a man devoted to the clerical profession can sustain himself with an amount of natural capacity or acquired knowledge, more meagre than may, and often does suffice in the Church of England. The clergy of the Establishment are — with few exceptions — graduates of Cambridge and Oxford. But this circumstance affords not the smallest guarantee either for talent or mental discipline. It is only too notorious that great numbers, perhaps the majority of English University students are indolent, idle, profligate, and almost wholly inattentive to study during the entire period of their residence at college. They manage to get through their examinations by a species of sham, and go away as ignorant almost as they came. And if we may rely on the testimony of churchmen and graduates, that

is ignorant enough. "A Cambridge graduate," writing in the *Times* a few years ago, on the urgent necessity of University reform, stated in plain terms that multitudes left the two great Universities, not only without any knowledge of classics and mathematics, but destitute of a decent English education. There were clergymen of the Church of England, he asserted, who could not compose a grammatical English sentence. And his statement was allowed to pass without contradiction.

Many of these incompetent idlers go into orders, and get introduced to populous parishes, and are the only spiritual guides of great masses of human souls. And such a man shall be treated with very marked respect and deference by his whole parish, including lawyers, physicians, and, possibly, two or three noble families, because he is the clergyman. He shall enjoy a stipend of from five to ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and how much he knows, or how little, shall be, to a great extent, a secret to the end of the chapter.

It is a fact well known in England, that to supply this numerous class of clergymen with sermons for their regular Sabbath ministrations is a lucrative branch of trade. One of the principal booksellers in Paternoster-row keeps a full stock of this particular commodity, out of which many clergymen in all parts of England are regularly furnished, comprising every particular description of the article, from the single printed sermon at a penny, and the lithographed facsimile of a manuscript at six pence sterling, to the neatly written discourse, warranted original and never yet preached, at five shillings sterling — about a dollar and a quarter. As regards doctrine too, the necessities of each customer are equally met. He may be supplied with high church or low church, Calvinistic or Arminian, evangelical or rationalistic, according to his own personal predilections, or what he supposes to be the prevailing sentiments of his hearers. We knew a poor dissenting minister in the country who partly maintained his family by writing sermons and selling them in Paternoster-row, their undoubted destination being the pulpits of the Established Church. One of the most popular and successful London preachers — a dissenter — was for many years in the constant habit of writing sermons for the same purpose.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that in every instance a minister of the Establishment reads the sermons of other men in the pulpit because of his own incompetency to make them — his incompetency, that is to say, so far as regards literary qualifications. He may be a man of superior mental powers, and may have taken a high stand at the University, and carried off prizes. But what if he has entered the church from no higher motive than might have determined his choice to the law or medicine? It is quite conceivable that he may be a man of scholarly tastes, and altogether of very estimable character; and yet he may have no particular propension to the composition of sermons, nor any special qualifications for it, all things considered. He may be willing to redeem time for other literary pursuits in his "healthy locality," and "good family residence," by the purchase of sermons ready made, and may honestly believe that therein he is doing a better thing for his flock than to give them discourses of his own making. Who will say that he may not be right after all! At any rate his practice involves no deception. It is a well understood thing, that a clergyman of the Church of England does not, as a matter of course, profess to preach his own sermons. It is a well understood thing that he is at perfect liberty to preach the sermons of other men altogether, and that without the very smallest detriment to his reputation, whether for intelligence or for honesty.

It may happen, as it often does, that he will not choose to preach even other men's sermons. He does not choose to preach at all, or to labor at all among the people of his parish. He prefers to reside at Boulogne, or Paris, or Florence. He accordingly advertises for a curate to do all his work. To this curate he will pay, out of his living of three to fifteen thousand dollars, from three to seven hundred, with the privilege of residing at the vicarage. The most indigent ministers in England are these curates, and not a few of them in the very foremost rank as hard working, faithful and honored servants of Jesus Christ. We remember hearing such a one address a public meeting in Exeter Hall several years ago, a gray headed, venerable man, who had been for a long time curate of Bishops' gate Church, one of the largest in London. His clerical black

suit was so threadbare as to make it painfully evident that he was not so rich in silver and gold as he seemed to those who listened to him to be in the unfading treasure. It was said that he had two daughters of nearly the same age, who had only one dress between them fit to appear abroad in, so that when one of them went out the other must necessarily stay at home.

You will say this is hardly credible in great and magnificent London, and in a Christian community so wealthy and munificent as the Church of England. We remember to have thought so at the time; neither would we introduce it in the present connection if we had not, at a later period, met with the fullest confirmation of its probable truth. There exists in London a Church of England clothing society, the single object of which is, to supply articles of wearing apparel to the families of poor clergymen. The way, in part, in which the thing is done is by begging the cast-off garments of the nobility and gentry, for the replenishing of their depository in London; from which distribution is made throughout all England. The annual reports of this benevolent society are among the most affecting documents we have ever read, lifting the curtain from many English homes just sufficiently to afford a glimpse of pictures which one would prefer to forget. Thus in one of them there is a special acknowledgment to those who have sent contributions — either of money or cast-off clothes—to the society's stores, which contains the remark, that if the kind donors could only read the letters which the society is in the habit of receiving from parties to whom parcels have been sent, describing the exceeding delight often produced by trying on a faded dress to see how it fitted, they would feel amply rewarded for their liberality.

Who are the persons who are so filled with gladness and gratitude in putting on the faded and worn-out garments of strangers? They are well-educated, high-minded, and accomplished English women; their husbands graduates of Cambridge and Oxford, and devoted ministers of by far the richest church in all Christendom.

In the *London Morning Chronicle* of Sept. 6, 1854, was an article on "Provision for the widows of the clergy," from which the following are brief extracts:

"To enlarge on the melancholy necessities of the case is superfluous. But it is incredible that so little is done in the way of ministering to that particular distress which is, perhaps, among the severest calamities which can befall humanity. A clergyman's widow is, in too many cases, plunged by her husband's death from a condition of comfort to one of extreme misery—and with this aggravation, that in nine cases out of ten she has had no previous experience of privation. We hear of some 1,200 annual applications from distressed clergymen for relief from various charities; and a few hundred widows and aged unmarried daughters of clergymen receive annuities, which seldom reach 40*l.* per annum. And, in face of all this, we find that there are more than 2,000 beneficed clergymen with incomes of less than 150*l.* per annum, while there are thousands of curates—many of them married, of mature age, and without a chance of preferment—whose income is less than 100*l.* a year."

The *Times* has been publishing its loud lament quite recently because of the fact that the number of the sons of good families willing to enter the church is so much less now than formerly, and that the number is diminishing year by year. A recurrence to the article we are quoting from might furnish to the *Times*, in part at least, an explanation and an answer:

"Is this state of things known? We go on multiplying district churches—we think an enormous good is done when a Peel district is formed—we talk and act largely in the cause of church extension—but what of the instruments of all the moral and spiritual work which we encourage? What of the clergyman worn out before his time? what of the clerical victim of fever and cholera? and what of those he leaves behind him? We occasionally hear of a case of deep and peculiar distress; and in particular instances, some noble-minded and zealous friends raise private funds for the support of a clergyman's widow and orphans. But too frequently silent extinction does its work. The clerical family melts off—degradation, or worse, overtakes the daughters—and the widow simply passes away from her misery."

"Degradation or worse overtakes the daughters." Degradation or worse! And what is that? It is that than which there is not, for woman, on all this sin-stricken earth, a lower deep! Is such a state of things necessary in Christian England? Is it unavoidable? Can the laity of the church be reckoned blameless while it continues? Does it not well-nigh amount to an im-

peachment of their humanity before the world, to say nothing of neighborly kindness or Christian brotherhood? Let us hear still further :

“ And be it remembered that all this constitutes a special appeal to English sympathies. The English people will have a married clergy ; and if a middle-aged clergyman without a wife is not looked upon with suspicion, he at least stands at a social disadvantage. Clerical widows and orphans are an especial English charge, arising out of an especial English feeling. But this is a duty which we take especial care not to fulfil. The author of the pamphlet before us dislikes the notion ‘ of the members of the clerical profession being in a position like dogs eating the crumbs from the tables of the wealthy.’ It is not, perhaps, pleasant ; but it is our duty to tell the laity of the actual state of things, and of the obligations incumbent on them. Do they know that, in every archdeaconry, there are applicants every year whose cases cannot be relieved — that those applicants are ladies, the wives and sisters of their own guests and friends, the nearest and dearest to those who, through a long life, ministered to them in sacred things, and were their daily friends, companions and advisers? Are they aware that what these applicants ask, but cannot get, is, in Yorkshire, an annuity of 11*l.* per annum — which is all that the local fund can give on the average to a clergyman’s widow — in London 20*l.*, in Chester 10*l.*, in Buckinghamshire 15*l.*? Has any one of our readers ever heard of this state of things? ”

These are the *poor* curates of the Church of England. But there are others who are paid, and well paid, by devoted and laborious clergymen for working side by side with themselves, in parishes too large to be properly cared for without such aid. We have seen a clergyman of the highest qualifications — piety, talents, learning, eloquence — preaching twice every Sabbath to a congregation of nearly two thousand people in a large town, with a stipend of only £300, almost the whole of which, if not quite, he gave to two faithful curates whom he kept constantly employed, while himself and his family subsisted on the proceeds of a private fortune. Another man of kindred spirit we knew, who did very much the same thing, and supported his family by instructing private pupils in addition to pastoral labors which were arduous in an uncommon degree.

It would be strange indeed if the ecclesiastical system which

we are considering did not produce, to some extent, feelings and sentiments not partaking largely of personal humility, or the most comprehensive Christian charity. It is the National church. That is its main idea, the pillar and ground of its very being as a system. It is the church of the nobility, the government, and the reigning sovereign of the empire: and not less of the merchant, the farmer and the poor peasant. It is the Church of England. Such is the theory. Is it at all strange that members of the Establishment cling tenaciously to whatever remaining provision seems to recognize the idea of its nationality, albeit, in point of fact, it is the church of less than half the people of England and Wales.

Some such provisions there are. The tithe, which makes up the larger part of the enormous aggregate of her annual income, is levied on the landed estate of churchman and dissenter alike. We have seen the man-servant of a clergyman sent to collect from his neighbor the dissenting minister the tithe levied on his very small garden, the amount being just half a crown—" *magna pars quorum fui*." The repairs of the church edifice, and all the ordinary incidental expenses of public worship are provided for by a rate, which is assessed on all householders of the parish indiscriminately. The poor dissenting minister, whose little garden has been tithed to help make up the clergyman's stipend, is assessed upon his rental for the expenses of washing the surplice in which he reads prayers, lighting the pulpit in which he preaches, and blowing the organ which discourses sweet music in the service of song. If he refuses on conscientious grounds, when called upon to pay the rate, as is sometimes the case, his books or chairs are forthwith seized and sold at auction; and so it comes about that, what with law expenses and loss upon the articles sold, it costs him twenty dollars to pay a rate of three dollars. This impost is so exceedingly odious to the dissenters, and awakens so much bad feeling, that the most bitter enemy of the church could hardly desire a greater injury to her than its continuance. So many of her own true sons believe; and labor earnestly year after year in Parliament and elsewhere, for the abolition of church-rates. Others see, or think they see, in such a concession, the entering of a wedge which would ultimately work the overthrow of the Estab-

lishment. This party has now been gaining strength for several years, until, in the session of Parliament which has recently closed, it commanded a clear majority in the House of Commons. In 1859, the bill for the abolition of the rate passed the Commons, by a majority of seventy-four, being defeated, of course, in the Lords. In 1861 Mr. Disraeli made an appeal to the country in behalf of the church and the rate, which produced a reaction that brought the majority down to a tie; and that reaction has continued and increased till 1863, when the bill was defeated in the Commons by a majority of ten in a house of five hundred and sixty votes.

The feeling of caste which prevails in England amounts, as a general rule, almost to entire non-intercourse between churchmen and dissenters. Whatever may be a man's character for intelligence, education, taste, refinement, the mere fact of his attending the dissenting chapel, places him under a very decided social disability. It excludes him from the social intercourse of men far inferior to himself; it excludes him from political office; it deprives him of the custom of churchmen, if he is in business, and causes him to be despised as vulgar.

We have seen the pastor of a dissenting congregation in a large and fashionable city, from strong sympathy in literary tastes, forming the intimate acquaintance of a gentleman who went to church; and this churchman being extensively connected with the gentry and nobility of the neighborhood in the way of his profession, did not dare enter the "chapel" to hear his friend preach. It is still fresh in the memory of Englishmen — of low and high degree — that the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the able editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, who takes honorable rank among the scholars and literary men of Great Britain, a man withal of courtly manners, and a very eloquent preacher, was the minister, not many years ago, of a dissenting chapel at the fashionable West End of London. The beautiful and accomplished Duchess of Sutherland, being a serious Christian woman, was drawn to hear him preach, and was so deeply interested that she became a regular attendant on his ministry, and was accompanied frequently by her brother, Earl Carlisle, and other noble relations. The thing was speedily bruited all over England. It was a very daring act for even a Viscount and a

Duchess to do, (Earl Carlisle was Viscount Morpeth then,) and so great was the opposition excited in high quarters, that Horn-don chapel ceased to be honored with the presence of the illustrious strangers.

The clergy take the lead in this matter of non-intercourse, and what may be thought singular, the so-called evangelical clergy are preëminent among all their clerical brethren on this account, in many instances refusing to speak to a dissenting minister when they meet him in the street, although a neighbor, and their equal in all that should command respect, and preaching the self-same things that they do every Sabbath. They are excellent, conscientious, Christian men, and mean to act in most religious and honest accordance with their system—in other words with the customs and spirit of their church.

How much of honest religious belief and actual uniformity a rich and powerful state church is likely to produce, may be gathered from occurrences which now and then startle the community, if they do not disturb the dignified repose of the Lords Bishops. Two brothers, clergymen, both standing, as is supposed, on the strong ground of Calvinistic protestantism, suddenly strike out into paths diametrically opposite, and are discerned anon at absolute antipodes—the one a professed doubter, and the author of “*The Soul and her Aspirations*”; and the other finding a summary solution of all doubt in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. Neither are these isolated cases, but samples of what is working, as a powerful leaven, in the heart of the Establishment. And the thing continues, in spite of the thirty-nine articles, and all the authority of the courts, till “perverts” to Rome are counted by hundreds, both lay and clerical, and still larger numbers in secret sympathy with the Papacy remain in the Establishment, and, with jesuitical cunning and dishonesty, employ all their influence to disseminate the heresy. Among them are commoners and nobles, editors, lawyers, professors and statesmen. One of the great universities—Oxford—wheels into the ranks of the anti-protestant crusade, and finds aid and encouragement in its bishop, Samuel—son of the good and great William Wilberforce—scholar, preacher, statesman, courtier, orator, ecclesiastic, a consummate master in all: and it is confidently asserted

that the very highest posts of influence in politics, literature, education, journalism, are filled by concealed jesuits. In the same halls and under the same cool shades the spirit of rationalism wraps itself proudly in its robes of office, and walks at liberty, uttering itself without fear in the professor's chair, and the pulpit, or, as it may elect and judge expedient, with more fulness and wider aim, in the "Essays and Reviews." If Colenso had not been clothed with the dignity of a Bishop, his unscholarly and feeble criticisms would hardly deserve to be mentioned in this enumeration.

That the Church of England should now and then be the theatre of religious manifestations in which fanaticism bears a prominent part, is not a matter to occasion surprise. A captain in the army, who is also a zealous churchman, becomes scandalized with what he conceives to be the strange anomalies and inconsistencies of the Establishment, and forthwith starts up in the character of a religious reformer, and the originator of a new sect which imagines the work especially committed to its hands to be, the separating of the wheat from the chaff before the time of harvest — in other words to gather the elect into one visible body, out of all the churches of Christendom. To this end they glide in unawares, and make all the havoc they can in every existing religious communion; yet no where else half so much as in the Church of England which they have quitted. These are the "Plymouth Brethren." They repudiate the Christian ministry as an order; and their theology is that of the "Higher Christian Life," or perfectionism.

We will refer to another instance, partly because we knew personally the principal actors — many of their most characteristic doings having passed under our own observation. A young clergyman named Prince, who has solemnly professed his assent and consent, *ex animo*, to every thing contained in the Book of Common Prayer, does, nevertheless take along with him some peculiar notions which he has adopted at college; and with which he has diligently inoculated a party of his fellow students. He becomes the curate of a clergyman at Charlinch — a village in Somersetshire — whom he soon converts to his own singular views, the most singular of which is that he is directed in all his minutest actions of every day by a conscious impulse

from heaven ; and he will not decide between tea and coffee at a fashionable evening party till he has "asked the Lord," and got his answer. On the Sabbath he enters the pulpit — as he avers, though it be the crowded church of a fashionable watering place — not knowing what he will say ; and receives both text and sermon direct from God. Yet he is a man of fine intellect and accurate scholarship ; and a very eloquent preacher, insomuch that he draws after him a multitude, including families of wealth, fashion, and high social position. And when, not so much for the fact of their strange belief, as for their zeal in its propagation, his Bishop deprives him of his gown, and his rector of a living of eight hundred pounds a year, they bear it in the true martyr spirit, and calling to them some three or four of Prince's college converts, they hire a large hall in the aforesaid fashionable watering place, and preach the speedy coming of Christ to judgment with such appalling emphasis, that the vilest men and most hardened, are drawn by curiosity to hear them, and terrified into a new course of life. Being themselves not wholly unmindful of the body, they find in the city of Bath a bevy of sisters, with very homely faces and very heavy purses, whom the bachelors among them marry ; and all live together in unusual luxury ; still advancing step by step, in their fanatical career, until, at length, Prince avows himself to be the Holy Ghost incarnate, and receives the implicit homage of his followers. Mounted on magnificent horses, splendidly caparisoned, they ride at midnight — men and women — through the streets of Weymouth, singing the Hallelujah Chorus ; in return for which they are pelted by boys with pebbles, and mobbed by lewd fellows of the baser sort, with old tin kettles, and horns and other kindred music : so that they resolve to shake off the dust of their feet and depart out of the city. Not however till they have borrowed all the money they can, from every man, woman, and poor servant girl whom they have succeeded in duping. And now they proclaim that the day of grace is past, cease preaching, and return to Charlinch, where they build a grand mansion, with pleasure-grounds and high walls all around, which they call "Agapemone," or the abode of love, and guard the stately entrance with blood-hounds. There for years they have lived, and are living still, in regal splendor ; the world shut

out; eating and drinking and playing at hawkey, or driving, with a gorgeous equipage, about the neighboring country; the impious assumptions of Prince the fitting counterpart to their promiscuous manner of life — the common termination of perfectionism.

The Agapomone figures occasionally in the London daily newspapers in the character of defendant in a law suit instituted to recover some silly spinster and her money from its nefarious clutches.

We might go on to describe other forms of fanaticism which have appeared in England within the last half century; and how every one of them, if it has not first made its appearance in the Established Church, has drafted its proselytes more largely from that community than from any or all others. Such has been the history of the movements led on by Edward Irving, Joanna Southcote, and the Mormon prophet. But the Church of England has nothing to fear from such things as these. A thousand Edward Irvings and Joanna Southcotes would produce no perceptible impression upon her aggregate condition. She is a tower of amazing strength, absolutely impregnable to all external assault that should not shake the civil state to its centre — notwithstanding the confident predictions of the men who are laboring for its overthrow. Not more proudly nor more serenely does St. Paul's rear its majestic proportions above the surrounding mass of mighty London, and lift its swelling dome to heaven, than she, entrenched in the very foundations of the English commonwealth, and strong in all that has borne largest sway in human affairs, sits at ease upon her pontifical throne, and looks calmly forth from underneath her mitred brow upon the puny assaults of her enemies without. She can hardly view with equal unconcern the dangers which threaten her from within, and yet so far as her past history may furnish the ground of a safe judgment, she need have but small fear for her supremacy for centuries to come.

Who then will undertake to weigh in a balance the conflicting and hopelessly antagonistic elements of this towering and unwieldy institution, so as to prophesy its future? How much is there in her that should exceedingly gladden the heart of every lover of truth and goodness! Is it not something for the inter-

ests of human society that the very temples in which she worships minister so largely to the formation of a pure and elevated taste? Is it not something that the most eminent men who have ministered at her altars have been equally distinguished as a priesthood of learning? Can the republic of letters forget such names as Hampden, Buckland, Milman, Thirlwall, Ellicott, Trench? Are not Dale, and Stowell, and Melville, and McNeile among her eloquent preachers? Can you find in all Christendom more seraphic piety; greater purity of life; humility and self-denial more conspicuous, or zeal for God and love for men's souls more apostolic, than are seen at the present time in great numbers of the members of that Church? While it may be doubted if any past age of Christianity has beheld every walk of public and private life among men adorned with nobler fruits of righteousness than multitudes of her simple-minded men and women are still bringing forth.

And yet again, how many things are there in the Establishment which must awaken in the mind of every friend of God and truth profound sorrow and painful foreboding! It is the simplest statement of facts as plain to every observer as the clock dial upon St. Paul's cathedral, when we say that, while the Church of England requires of every man who is ordained to her ministry the formal avowal of his belief that he is inwardly moved to the service by the Holy Ghost, the great majority of those who do so minister, scout the very idea of such inward spiritual impulse as stark fanaticism. Professing perfect unity of doctrinal belief, she comprises every variety of creed, from Augustine and Calvin, to Pelagius and Socinus; and from Hildebrand and Ignatius to Luther and Wiclif. Almost as the prevailing spirit of the gigantic organization, there is grasping cupidity and political ambition, and worldly pride and pomp, at which Christianity stands aghast. In one word, there is so much in her of enormous, unmitigated wrong; so much that is opposed to the eternal law of truth and righteousness, that it seems almost impossible to regard her as, on the whole, a blessing to England and the world.

But we would not despair. Neither will we, if we can help it, adopt the melancholy conclusion which rested, as a heavy burden on the magnanimous spirit of the dying Arnold, that

since the Church of England will obstinately refuse to be reformed, therefore must she, without doubt, be destroyed. God is in heaven, and truth is stronger than error. Sorrow and suffering are the true nurses to human virtue. Whatever of vitality and health Christianity exhibits at the present time in the world, how greatly has it been the result of terrible experiences in the past ages of its history! The church is yet to attain to her highest glory, and receive her brightest crown through a baptism of fire. There are many things in the aspect of the world—both state and church—which men are prone to regard as elements of strength, and signs and proofs that the day which a universe, groaning and travailing in pain together, has been long expecting, is quietly drawing nigh; but which, when read in the light of past history and of God's word, are the most sure harbingers of storm, and tempest, and earthquake and thunder. May we not hope at least, that when the day of trial comes, it will awake into vigorous action a measure of Christian heroism in the Church of England, of whose existence she herself never dreamed; and that, when that dark day is past, the Church of England shall be, what she has never altogether been hitherto, a scriptural and a free church of the living God, and a glorious stronghold of truth and righteousness in the earth?

ARTICLE VII.

SHORT SERMONS.

“And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.”—*Acts* ii. 1.

WE have introduced here the account of a very ancient and scriptural Revival. The Christian dispensation of the church is inaugurated by it, and it stands thus in the first chapter of church history as a *MODEL REVIVAL*. As such we consider it.

1. Dependence for it on the Holy Ghost. “Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high.” Luke

xxiv. 49. See also Acts i. 4, 5. No man can produce a revival, not even apostles. He may produce excitements.

2. The church must be prepared for such a work. (a) "In prayer and supplication." (b) "With one accord." Peter had denied, Thomas stood aloof, and all forsaken Christ at the crucifixion, and so there was ground for recriminations and divisions. (c) "In one place," a visible as well as heart union. (d) They were thus for many days. The Spirit is not bestowed on spasms of feeling. After this preparation the Spirit descends and by his display of power draws the curious multitude together.

3. Doctrinal preaching. Peter preached (a) decrees, ii. 23, (b) sinful free agency in executing them, ii. 23, (c) the resurrection, (d) the doctrine of a personal and descending Holy Ghost, ii. 33, (e) atonement, ii. 36. This was a revival sermon, not flashy and passionate, but argumentative on five great doctrines. As a result many were convicted, and regenerated. So we infer that conviction, anxiety, alarm and true repentance under the plain preaching of God's truth are reasonable and scriptural. And it was a continuous revival, ii. 47. A revival by human excitement must be short, but under the power of God's truth and the influences of the Holy Spirit may be of long continuance.

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."—*Luke* xviii. 37.

A BEGGAR, and hopelessly blind at that! How sad a case! He can not go to any celebrated physician, and it were useless if he could. He has heard of one, (invalids are quick to learn such facts) who cures the blind. But he has never been to Jericho. Will he ever come? Shall I know it if he come, and knowing it can I gain an audience? Painful and oft repeated questions, suspending his hopes on the frail thread of remote contingencies.

But, one day, there is a crowd rushing along, trampling over and by the poor blind man. "Hearing the multitude he asked what it meant." The answer thrills him by the double fact so briefly told. It is Jesus, and he is "passing by." It is *the* moment of the man's life, Jesus alone can help him, was then at Jericho for the first and last time, and was even then leaving. What a thread for a blind man to find and follow! He calls, is opposed, calls louder, is heard, Jesus stops; speaks to him; does for him all he asks; he sees the Lord of glory, and follows him in the way with gazing, feasting, adoring eyes.

Oh! many blind sinners sit by the wayside of the world. Once in their life Jesus comes near, nearer, nearest, but is "passing by." How much for them hangs on that fact at that precise time! You were in a crowd, or in some deep sorrow, or with his disciples, or alone with the Holy Spirit, when he was "passing." And you knew he was going by. Did you call, and did he stop and answer you?

There is a critical point for every sinful beggar when Jesus goes out once at Jericho's gate. The Christian looks back to it, and so will the lost sinner. It may seem a trivial thing at the time to let him pass by. But opposition should not prevent our calling after him. For they who *call* are answered. And Oh! the wonder of mercy, Jesus of Nazareth will stop, and help, when poor blind sinners call after him!

ARTICLE VIII.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo. pp. 642. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863.

A FORMER volume, in which man as an individual is treated, finds here its intended sequel, in a consideration of man as a social being. The author proposes to himself the weighty and difficult task, to trace scientifically the growth of the Western civilization to its present stage.

It is obvious at the outset that his conception of the subject has an ample breadth, and that he brings to its treatment uncommon stores of scientific, classical, literary and speculative learning. Exploring the roots of after intellectual outshoots, he begins with a survey of the Hindu, Egyptian, and Grecian philosophies and ethico-religious systems, which concisely and clearly presents the peculiarities of those schools of thought in their successive transitions from one epoch to another. His criticisms and estimates of the Greek philosophers strike us as impartial, though Socrates loses no little of the divine halo with which it has been fashionable in some quarters to enwreath his "lecherous countenance"; and Plato's Repub-

lie undergoes an analysis which shows it as destitute of good morals as of common sense; while the former is represented as teaching "that it is only involuntarily that the bad are bad; that he who knowingly tells a lie is a better man than he who tells a lie in ignorance; and that it is right to injure one's enemies;" p. 107; while the latter "recommends the exposure of deformed and sickly infants, and requires every citizen to be initiated into every species of falsehood and fraud." p. 117. The running down of the physical and ethical speculations of the Grecian schools into the utter infidelity and epicurianism of the age of the Sophists and the Sceptics of that land, is a picture full of sadly suggestive warning.

Very great interest is imparted to this work by the clear tracing of the connection of changes in the political history of nations with corresponding revolutions in the development of thought and mental progress. Such sketches as those of the founding and influence of Athens and Alexandria, the masterly resumé of the rise and corruption of the Roman dominion, and the splendor of the Saracenic empire at its zenith, impart vivacity to investigations which, pursued abstractly, would easily become heavy. His pen sparkles with spirit. Thus, of the Mohammedan Cordova: "After sunset a man might walk through it in a straight line for ten miles by the light of the public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved. In Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day stepped up to his ankles in mud." The author displays a fine sense of historical forces working out important results. His views of the animus of the old Persian wars in Greece, and of the campaigns of Alexander, as also of the revolution of the West from Paganism to Christianity, exhibit a habit of looking beneath the surface of events. We are attracted by his intelligent criticisms in ecclesiastical history, from a point of observation obviously quite independent of churchly prepossessions, though we are not prepared to underwrite all his constructions of motives and aims. Many of his generalizations are excellent. "The vanishing point of all Christian sectarian ideas of the East was in God, of those of the West in Man. Herein consists the essential difference between them. The one was rich in doctrines respecting the nature of the Divinity—the other abounded in regulations for the improvement and consolation of Humanity." His picture of Constantine is darkly shaded, but (we fear) only too defensible by authentic witnesses. On the whole we are inclined to judge that this writer has kept as nearly as could be expected to his idea of a right handling of the early Christian question:

"For my part, it is my intention to speak with veneration on this great topic, and yet with liberty, for freedom of thought and expression is to me the first of all earthly things. But, that I may not be misunderstood, I here, at the outset, emphatically distinguish between Christianity and ecclesiastical organizations. The former is the gift of God; the latter are the product of human exigencies and human invention, and therefore open to criticism, or if need be, to condemnation." pp. 197, 198.

The condemnation is not stinted along the patristic centuries. Truth must confess that often it is deserved. A little of the mingling of Christian regret in the administration of these severe censures of ecclesiastical ambitions and duplicities, would have toned the spirit of this work more into harmony with our idea of the best treatment of the difficult and not seldom unhappy subject.

This multitudinous massing of material is marshalled to the support of a theory of society which is announced in the first paragraph of the volume — that civilization is the result of strict physiological law, as much as is the life of individual man. Nations are only a composite form of humanity, determined in their character and career, not by their own voluntary action or the providence of God, directly and finally, but by physical forces which overrule their emergence, progress and decline. The type of all this is in the individual changes of the human organism through infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, and death. So nations are born and grow and disappear as climate, latitude, and other geographical conditions shape their development and destiny; and, as in the typical form, there is no going backward, no escape from final doom. The race, in its great social divisions, moves onward from its pre-historic age of sorcery, through those of inquiry, faith, reason, to the second childhood of senility and decrepitude. So the historical panorama here unrolled is made to testify, with striking pertinency and startling conclusiveness, it must be acknowledged.

But, as is ever the danger with the arguing of a pre-determined doctrine, there is too much of a tendency to make every thing bend in the required direction. No one will deny the truthfulness of much which is urged in behalf of the main parallelism thus enunciated; yet there are points of difference between the aggregated and the individual man which must be taken into account, and may materially vary the results of their respective life. We doubt if even of the Asiatic populations it can be so positively affirmed, that "it remains for them only to advance as far as they may in their own line and to die, leaving their place to others of a different constitution and of a renovated blood." p. 41. For here, we recognize a power of restoration, which, once for all, we express our wonder is

so systematically ignored in these pages—the power of a pure Christianity to check the process of public dissolution, and to save nations from death, unless so physically run out that this has become a natural impossibility. We are in doubt as to the position of our author with relation to the Christian movement. He gives us a graphic sketch of the dissolution of the Grecian mythology at the dawn of a more philosophical age; then finds the same revolution re-enacted in the abandonment of the Mediæval superstitions; from which the inference is not obscurely hinted that still another yet wider reorganization of ideas, in the same realm of thought, is impending among ourselves. Does the learned author desire his readers to interpret him in the line of a rationalistic as opposed to a biblical and authoritatively revealed doctrine of human regeneration and salvation? A plainer utterance on this point would have relieved our misgivings.

Equally are we uncertain as to the exact meaning of this writer concerning the much mooted question of vegetable and animal development aside from the direct intervention of creative power. Not a few of these pages savor strongly of the theories of Darwin and the “Vestiges.” An efficiency is ascribed to external and internal agencies in matter, of self-originating and perpetuating force, and a repudiation of providential interaction, which give a marked materialistic cast to portions of these reasonings. We were almost beginning to conclude that after all our author had no greater divinity to help the creation and governance of the universe than this same Law which seems to be the Omnipotence itself, when we came upon a couple of lines which somewhat reassured us by the assertion of “a personal God who considers and orders events in a vast panorama before him.” p. 595. But what this exactly implies, in the connection in which it occurs, is not transparently manifest. We thank him for the statement that the possession of a rational and accountable soul radically differences man from the other forms of animal life, which truth is also enclosed in the nicely cut aphorism that “brutes remember but man alone recollects.”

We detect, in the thought of this author, a suggested if not affirmed antagonism between faith and reason, and a distrust of theological science, which are to be regretted in so accomplished a savant. There is no legitimate ground for such conclusions. The scientists and physicists of the day put themselves to a very needless labor in attempting to get up an oppugnation where none, in truth, can possibly exist. It is not certain that the first chapters of Genesis and the Westminster Confession would be invalidated if, as is here conjectured, Nova Scotia be 375,000 years old, or if Sir

Charles Lyell's hypothesis of the pre-adamite man should, some time or other, turn out to be a fact. If these surmises be really true, we surely have not the smallest objection. Dr. Draper writes with an independence which we like, albeit it leads him to sometimes a strangely *outré* opinion. He will hardly, for instance, carry the learned world with him in his almost savage accusation of Lord Bacon: "Few scientific pretenders have made more mistakes than Lord Bacon. . . . It is time that the sacred name of philosophy should be severed from its long connection with that of one who was a pretender in science, a time-serving politician, an insidious lawyer, a corrupt judge, a treacherous friend, a bad man." pp. 516, 517. Such point-blank contradictions of universal convictions only awaken surprise at the frankness of their avowal. If they be true, it is curious that the discovery has come so late. If some have looked upon the author of the "*Organon*" as a knave, this is our first information that he was a fool. We are as much taken aback by the equally original view of Milton's great epic — that it has done more harm than even its base contemporaries, "by teaching the public a dreadful materialization of the great and invisible God. A Manichean composition in reality, it was mistaken for a Christian poem." But our notice must not expand itself farther. This is a book to be put on the library shelf for valuable reference, while many of its pages may be read and re-read with the admiration which is the just reward of eloquent and splendid writing.

History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin. By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D.D. 2 volumes. pp. 465, 493. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1863.

THE distinguished author returns to his work of writing the real and inner life of the Reformation, as well as its outer, with unabated powers. A dozen years of still maturing insight and wisdom have not lessened the sprightliness of his pen. "Dry bones," he well remarks, "do not faithfully represent the men of other days. They did not live as skeletons, but as beings full of life and activity. The historian is not simply a resurrectionist." His task is rather to call forth breathing, speaking, working men and women from their graves. No one has more of this rare quality of genius than Merle d'Aubigne. His volumes upon the German and English reforms in religion have put him in the front rank of historical authorship, whether judged by the industry of his research or the brilliancy of his execution. He catches a true likeness, and his full-lengths are in keeping with the facts and spirit of the original. His pictures are

easy in their attitudes; they do not look as if marched, one after another, into a photograph gallery, to be *visited* for an *a la mode* album.

We have a rapid and fresh review of the conflict of the Genevese for civil liberty, against Savoy and Rome, previously to the advent of Calvin among the Swiss. This is mostly a new field of exploration which the author has made his own with the enthusiasm of one born to the heritage of the freedom thus nobly won. Several very interesting actors stand out prominently on this stage, as Berthelier the ardent, self-sacrificing republican, and Bonivard, the Erasmus of the Genevan reformation. Not a few martyrs of liberty were the forerunners of the heroes of the Gospel victories, along the shores of that beautiful lake. Bonivard's career has a peculiar charm. That old prison of Chillon has become the shrine of a pilgrimage of tenderest sacredness. Rich, titled, beneficed in the Romish church, Bonivard sympathized strongly with the struggle of the people against the tyrant duke of Savoy, (it is a burlesque upon history that this worthless prince goes by the name of Charles the Good). But Bonivard's nature was not bold and decided enough to lead on a movement like that which the progress of the age was forcing upon the community around him. Scholarly, tasteful, genial, inspired with the new ideas of society, he could not be the minion of a despot; he could suffer in a cause which he could not control and guide: he did suffer, as that old rusty bolt and those deep-worn foot-prints in the solid dungeon floor testify.

"May none those marks efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God."

These volumes give us the panorama of European actors and complications at that eventful period. Their picture of popish corruptions is of the most damaging character. Here is a specimen from Bonivard's caustic hand; himself a good Catholic.

"I have lived to see three pontiffs. First, Alexander VI., a *sharp fellow*, a ne'er-do-well, an Italianized Spaniard; and what was worst of all — at Rome! a man without conscience, without God, who cared for nothing, provided he accomplished his desires. Next came Julius II., proud, choleric, studying his bottle more than his breviary; mad about his popedom, and having no thought but how he could subdue not only the earth, but heaven and hell. Last appeared Leo X., the present pope, learned in Greek and Latin, but especially a good musician, a great glutton, a deep drinker, possessing beautiful pages whom the Italians style *ragazzi*; always surrounded by musicians, buffoons, play-actors, and other jesters. . . . Every thing is for sale at the court: red hats, mitres, professorships, croziers, abbeys, provostries, canonries. . . . Above all do

not trust to Leo the tenth's word; for he maintains that since he dispenses others from their oaths, he can surely dispense himself." I. 119.

The series of papers on "John Calvin" which we are giving our readers, renders it unnecessary to be minute on that part of our author's work. Calvin does not come upon the stage until near the end of the first volume, and the second closes some thirty years before his death. The great Genevan preacher and organizer has found a worthy biographer. How thoroughly he grasps the spirit of Calvin's life, a single citation will go far to show.

"He conceived the bold design of forming for these modern times a society in which the individual liberty and equality of its members should be combined with adhesion to an immutable truth, because it came from God, and to a holy and strict, but freely accepted law. An energetic effort towards moral perfection was one of the devices written on his standard. . . . By the very act of giving truth and morality to the members of this body, he gave them liberty. . . . God, by giving in the sixteenth century a man who, to the lively faith of Luther and the scriptural understanding of a Zwingli, joined an organizing faculty and a creative mind, gave the complete reformer. If Luther laid the foundations, if Zwingli and others built the walls, Calvin completed the temple of God." I. 321.

The remainder of this history will be looked for with much expectation. Its information concerning its subject's personal peculiarities and social traits is better than before given. Calvin, after all, was a warm-hearted, genial, generous friend and companion. He was a boy, too, once, and flushed with young life. The respected publishers will hardly permit the work to be closed without a full general index, a want which is not met at all by however extended a list of contents to the respective chapters, and on account of the absence of which our edition of Dr. Merle's previous five volumes is rendered comparatively useless.

Essay on the Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 16mo. pp. 233. New York: Published by James Miller, (Successor to C. S. Francis & Co.) 522 Broadway. 1863.

It is sad to think that this posthumous volume, given to us by her husband, is the last we are to have from a woman whose genius was as great as her reputation. Mrs. Browning's researches in the little explored region of Greek Christian Poetry, are curious, in the peculiar character of the spoils she has brought away, and as illustrating the wide range of the tastes and studies of the authoress.

The extracts — some of which have not a little of poetic fire and real beauty — furnish a new illustration of some things which were known before; as, that those Greek Fathers were not always successful in their scriptural exegesis, or sound in their theology. They did not always put off their shoes at the burning bush. They were right, undoubtedly, in the belief that the Bible supplies grander themes for song than any which Homer or Hesiod essayed: but they themselves are far better Christians than poets.

"The Book of The Poets," sets out with a rather severe, and yet, withal, a good-natured and witty criticism of "the Book," as, on page 123. "The thing is good, in that it is at all. Send a little child into a garden, and he will be sure to bring you a nosegay worth having, though the red weed in it should 'side the lily,' and sundry of the best flowers be held stalk upwards. Flowers are flowers, and poets are poets, and 'A book of the poets' must be right welcome at every hour of the clock."

The essay is an interesting critique on English poetry, from its earliest origin down to Wordsworth. How much at home Mrs. Browning is on such a theme appears in the following:

"Our poetry has a heroic genealogy. It arose where the sun rises, in the far east. It came out from Arabia, and was tilted on the lance-heads of the Saracens into the heart of Europe, Armorica catching it in rebound from Spain, and England from Armorica. It issued in its first breath from Georgia, wrapped in the gathering cry of Persian Odin: and passing from the orient of the sun to the antagonistic snows of Iceland, and oversweeping the black pines of Germany and the jutting shores of Scandinavia, and embodying in itself all majestic sounds, even to the rude shouts of the brazen-throated Cimbri—so modified, multiplied, resonant in a thousand Runic echoes, it rushed abroad like a blast into Britain." p. 125.

Of course Elizabeth Barrett Browning could not be otherwise than enthusiastic and glowing when writing on the English poets: but her criticisms are carefully weighed and judicious, frequently original and brilliant. She helps us in our admiration of our favorites, as Ruskin helps us in our admiration of a tree or a cloud.

On Liberty. By JOHN STUART MILL. 12mo. pp. 223. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

WHATEVER John Stuart Mill writes, demands a candid hearing. He only writes when he has something to say; and his opinions upon government and politics and political economy are entitled to great weight. This little volume on *Liberty* is not a metaphysical, but rather a philosophical treatise upon political liberty. Its chief

points are : "the liberty of thought and discussion," "individuality, as one of the elements of well-being"; the limits to the authority of society over the individual, with an application of his principles to the present state of human affairs. Mr. Mill is the ablest of the so-called philosophers of necessity, those who believe that fatalism has the larger share in human concerns. And these views appear in this volume. But with this abatement, the volume is one of the most thoughtful and clearly reasoned productions of the day. It touches the springs of thought and action. It is written with a compact, unimaginative vigor which demands close thought from the reader. But one can never come in contact with a thinker like Mr. Mill, without being stimulated and energized into thinking for himself. The dedication of the volume to his wife is touching and beautiful, as noble a tribute to woman as was ever breathed. Dr. Stanley dedicates his "Jewish Church," with hardly less affection, to the memory of a departed wife.

The Invasion of the Crimea : its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. 12mo. Vol. I. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1863.

THIS work has been received in England with a hostility which shows the striking sensitiveness of the British mind to severe criticism. Mr. Kinglake has written this history upon the plan, that the truth must be told at all odds, and that the impartial historian ought to spare neither friend nor foe. Hence he has spared neither French nor British. Napoleon is dissected in these pages in cold blood. It is a severe and heartless exposure of the *coup d'état* of December, 1851 ; it is one of the boldest criticisms ever passed upon a living European potentate. It is said that Napoleon read it-with unmoved aspect, merely saying, as he laid the book down, *c'est ignoble*. At the same time he shows up the English as the dupes of Napoleon's cunning, as simply his cat's-paw. Hence he has aroused a wrath which will cause his book to be better abused than even the "Essays and Reviews." The marks of a fondness to express opinions are, indeed, manifest upon every page. The author has an imaginative brilliancy which no doubt makes him less impartial than Mr. Mill. But he tells his story in a way which all historians may emulate — not in haste but with careful minuteness, with a vigor of style, with a classic finish, and brevity, with a singular eye to effect, which throws great power into the narrative. The unravelling of plots, the descriptions of battle scenes, the sketches and judgments of men are

all executed with a masterly hand. You feel as if you were reading one of the Greek historians, in his careful, bold and powerful pages.

The first half of this history is chiefly engrossed with the antecedents of the war: the second gets fairly afloat into its stirring action. The author finds less to do with the motives and more with the conduct of the performers in this sanguinary drama. His portraits of the leading spirits in these scenes are graphic and clearly cut. St. Arnaud looks very like what one might expect as the satellite of Napoleon, the crafty and unscrupulous. We have doubts if Lord Raglan can be raised very high on the roll of fame even by the free and generous touches of so skilled a master as here attempts his eulogy. Time must settle these points. Whatever fault may be found with the work, no one can deny that there is an unusual art in Mr. Kinglake of reading men and events, and that he has given the world a history which is to become a classic.

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and Other Papers. By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. 12mo. pp. 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

BAD times make thoughtless men thoughtful, and mellow the wisdom of the wise to a yet richer ripeness. Two years of civil war, as England's great rebellion or ours, will sober a people more than a generation almost of ordinary experiences. A book produced at such a period here comes forward, after an interval of two hundred years, to counsel and comfort our nation undergoing a like tribulation. The idea of its editor is as happy as its execution is beautiful. This is a luxury of literature, yet the nutriment it offers is anything but confectionery. These thoughts are full of shrewd sagacity and godly common-sense. Their expression is as pat to the purpose as their suggestion is wholesome. "Either lighten my burden or strengthen my back," is a prayer to which many will say *amen*. Fuller's genius was bright and kindling, his sensibilities were most kindly, his piety true, his magnanimity of the noblest. He ranks among the choicest of English religious classics, while also his pen enriched the general literature of our language with several valuable works. This volume is mostly made up of short and pithy paragraphs under various titles, and the whole suffused with a charmingly devout meditateness. A specimen which he calls "The Deepest Cut," will show the pertinency to our circumstances of its general contents:

"I beheld a lapidary cutting a diamond with a diamond hammer and anvil, both of the same kind.

"God in Scripture styled his servants his jewels. His diamonds they

are; but alas! rude, rough, unpolished, without shape or fashion, as they arise naked out of the bed of the earth, before art hath dressed them. See how God, by rubbing one rough diamond against another, maketh both smooth. Barnabas afflicts Paul, and Paul afflicts Barnabas, by their hot falling out. Jerome occasioneth trouble to Rufinus, and Rufinus to Jerome.

"In our unnatural war, none I hope are so weak and wilful as to deny that many good men (though misled) engaged on both sides. O, how have they scratched, and rased, and pierced and bruised, and broken one another! Behold Heaven's hand grating one diamond with another! As for all those who uncharitably deny any good in that party which they dislike, such show themselves diamonds indeed in their hardness (cruel censuring,) but none in any commendable quality in their conditions."

Another fragment tempts us irresistibly :

"There was, not long since, a devout but ignorant Papist dwelling in Spain. He perceived a necessity of his own private prayers to God, besides the Pater Nosters, Ave Marias, etc., used of course in the Romish Church. But so simple was he, that how to pray he knew not. Only every morning, humbly bending his knees, and lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, he would deliberately repeat the alphabet. And now, said he, O good God, put these letters together to spell syllables, to spell words, to make such sense as may be most to thy glory and my good.

"In these distracted times I know what generals to pray for, God's glory, truth and grace, his Majesty's honor, privileges of parliament, liberty of subjects, &c. But when I descend to particulars, when, how, by whom I should desire these things to be effected, I may fall to that poor pious man's A, B, C, D, E."

The miscellanies selected with great judgment for this tasteful publication, are these: Good Thoughts in Bad Times; Good Thoughts in Worse Times; Mixt Contemplations in Better Times; The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience. Our elder literature contains material for many similar volumes which we should be glad to see added to this series so well begun by the choice contributions of this good old author, and Sir Thomas Browne.

The Hidden Life; and the Life of Glory. By HUBBARD WINSLOW, D. D., author of "Intellectual Philosophy," "Moral Philosophy," "Christian Doctrines," &c. Published by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

DR. WINSLOW has done good service in the preparation of this devotional manual. It is adapted not only to those who are just setting out in the Christian life, but to disciples of longer experience. It can hardly be read without exciting to renewed study of the Scrip-

tures, prayer, watchfulness and diligence. The motive and design are thus set forth in the preface :

"At this time of intense outward activity, we need to be especially careful not to neglect the hidden Christian life. It is the design of the following pages to exhibit the origin, progress, and termination of that life on earth which 'is hid with Christ in God,' in a purely scriptural view, and so divested of theological technicalities as to render the subject plain to every reader."

We notice one or two slight inaccuracies in composition, the result of inadvertency, as Dr. Winslow is a very accomplished writer. One of these is, commencing a sentence or paragraph with the conjunction "And" or "But." We do not forget that we have ourselves occasionally done the same thing, and we are aware that the authority of the *North American Review*, Macaulay, and Milton can be pleaded for the usage. It should occur but seldom, however.

In quotations from the Scriptures we observe that there is not always an exact conformity to the received version. On p. 165, "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us," &c., 2 Cor. iv. 17, is altered to "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us." The 6th verse of the 25th Psalm is given as follows on the 166th page: "Remember thy tender mercies and thy loving kindness, for they have been ever of old."

Tales and Sketches. By HUGH MILLER. Edited, with a Preface, by Mrs. MILLER. 12mo. pp. 385. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1863.

TEN biographical and imaginative papers, some of them of considerable elaboration, are gathered into this tasteful volume. They were among the earlier literary efforts of their eminent author. Among them, the sketches of Ferguson and Burns, two of the most unhappy of the poetic brotherhood, are full of pathetic, tragic interest. Mr. Miller was perhaps in danger, from a dash of morbid intenseness in his own nature, of coloring these sombre pictures too darkly—the naked facts were painful enough. He grasps his subjects throughout with great power, and always shows the deep, pure manliness of his own uncramped heart. There is an easy story-telling flow to his narrative which is very alluring; and now and then a jet of native humor which only makes us wish for more of its wholesome effervescence. A good preface puts the reader in fair position to understand and enjoy this miscellany.

Woman and her Saviour in Persia. By a Returned Missionary. 12mo. pp. 303. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1863.

A SKILFUL hand has grouped a variety of aspects and hues of missionary life in these pages, from the rich field of Nestorian labors and successes. The educational department of that work is largely represented here. The compiler lets us clearly into the interior of the methods and spirit by which our brethren are so happily rekindling the fires of an intelligent consecration to Christ on those ancient altars. The book glows with the revival fervor which has so often blessed the Persian stations. Its special interest lies in the line indicated in its title — what pure Christianity can effect in saving both temporally and eternally the females of the lands which lie in darkness. Several good engravings and a map add value to this volume.

National Gallery of Eminent Americans, from Original Paintings by Alonzo Chappel, with Biographies by E. A. Duyckinck. 4to. New York: Johnson, Fry & Co. 1863.

MORE than seventy of the one hundred engravings promised in this publication have been issued with biographical sketches. These are outlined with sufficient fulness to answer the purpose of a work that derives its chief interest from the pictorial art which it displays. This exhibits great variety and excellence. The subjects are gathered from our revolutionary and more recent annals, including many living notabilities. The full lengths, and the costumes and back ground in keeping, which the artist has adopted, give a fine effect to many of these portraits. One can study here the history of personal fashions to advantage, from the ball-room exquisiteness of the old commodores on their quarter-decks, to the picturesque hunting shirt of Daniel Boone and the polar bear-skins of Dr. Kane. The work is one of universal national value, honorable alike to the genius of its authors and the enterprise of its publishers.

ARTICLE IX.

THE ROUND TABLE.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE ELEPHANT? A grave inquiry; and has caused greater perplexity many times in the world theological than in that of zoology. We shall express no opinion of our own at present, content to hint briefly, for the benefit of our readers,

some things that have been floating in the atmosphere now for some time past.

Is he not a magnificent beast? What a size and altitude! What a stately tread! How splendidly he walks over the course, and what a sensation he produces! He does many queer things, it is true — tramples on flowers not only beautiful and sweet-scented, but medicinal; and tears down trees which the fathers planted, and which have long borne pleasant and life-sustaining fruits. But then he is the elephant, and does it so grandly. What are all the fathers and mothers too compared with the elephant! Is he not a magnificent beast?

'Tis charged that he is irreverent, and makes havoc among sacred things. Indeed 'tis true: but is not courage one of the virtues? Is not too much reverence cowardice; and if the beast is abating the excessive reverence of our day, must we not presume him a benefactor?

'Tis also charged that he breaks down hedges, and lays the vineyard open to the incursion of beasts smaller but more dangerous than himself. Very startling, certainly; yet not so bad as appears at first sight. Have we not attached altogether too much importance to this matter of enclosures? That the apostles had them must be granted, also the old prophets, and were rather particular about them. We have nothing to say against the great company of saints who have loved to sing,

“ We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,”

and thought they were in harmony with the provisions of a divine platform. But the letter killeth. An enclosure is mere wood or stone. Will you stand trembling before an enclosure, as if it were God?

We have no desire to abolish all enclosures; but, in the name of sacred and beautiful charity, let us not make them too narrow or too high. Let them be broad enough by all means to satisfy the elephant. Is he not a magnificent beast? There is the *Baconian* method, and the Chicago platform, both evidently having particular reference to the elephant. We see but little to choose between them, and have no doubt either will satisfy the beast, inasmuch as the whole thing is left so low and shaky that he will see in it the fast coming fulfilment of a prophecy: “That which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.”

It has been suggested that a short and honest and safe way would be to be guided implicitly by the Lord of the country, and to hold

fast the old landmarks, and the old walls, and cast out the elephant. But who will venture to do it? The elephant does not choose to be cast out, and his rage would be terrible. Does any body want to see the elephant in a rage? Would he not charge "malice" and a "lie," and is it not better to have a great deal of charity than a very little of malice?

What this matter will grow to, we are not prepared to say. The foregoing are brief hints of things vibrating in our great atmosphere. The main point, it will be observed, is to keep the elephant, the elephant whom all the world admires, and who would be welcomed with shouting and the voice of a trumpet, to regions from which the last remnant of enclosures has disappeared long ago.

HOW DO THEY KNOW? We have been greatly interested during the progress of the war to notice how familiar some men have become with the plans and purposes and providential acts of God. They devoutly connect all our victories and defeats and good management and blunders with his secret designs. They speak as if they knew what he is going to do, and what he wants us to do, and why he has given us success and failure at different points, and are quite as thankful for some of our terrible disasters as for our glorious victories. When conversed with by those of opposite views, they make at first some show of reasoning, but soon resort to intuitions and personal revelations from God; and then their logic glides off into oracular and semi-inspired utterances for the past and prophecy for the future. Such men are to us a mental and spiritual phenomenon. How do they know all this about the mind of God? How have they obtained his authoritative explanation of past events? How have they come into the secret of his plans and purposes for the future? How are they able so confidently to assert that unless we do so and so, and no otherwise than so, God will veto all our movements? This knack of knowing the secret plans of God is not confined to military or civil, clerical or lay, radical or conservative persons. All classes show some who are in the secret. Young men see visions and old men dream dreams, and sons, and daughters too, prophecy.

Who owns and controls this heavenly telegraph? How have these wise ones been able to locate confidential agents or secret correspondents near to the celestial St. Cloud? It singularly happens that invariably God's plans for the future fall in precisely with their own, and they and God have thought just alike in the past. But this does not solve the mystery how they came to know all this. Is there a higher grade of spiritualism than that

commonly propounded, and are these persons "mediums" between earth and heaven? The fact waits for an explanation, that some persons are on such intimate terms with God, and are able to speak for him with so much authority and assurance.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, AND THEIR DIFFERENCE SOMEWHAT. When we were children thunder used to trouble us very much. It made exceedingly uncomfortable impressions on us. And it was a long time before we learned that thunder never hits any body, and that it is only the lightning that strikes. So latterly, let the thunder mutter and rumble and be as noisy as it may, we have stood in awe only in view of those fiery streams and balls and gushes from the cloud. By a mental process that we can not well explain we have carried this distinction between thunder and lightning over into the cloudy gatherings and storms of human passion.

We have learned quietly to let verbose and angry men utter their sounding words and pile up sentences and paragraphs and newspaper columns. We comfort our hearts by saying, thunder never strikes. We have learned to possess our souls in patience till they say something, till there is really the darting and the striking of an idea, a thought. The passionate and skilful display of tremendous words is mere muttering and threatening in a distant cloud, accompanied perhaps with the flashes of what is called "heat lightning." As a clap of thunder may fill all ears but leave no mark in a community, so wordy and angry sentences may pass through a place, producing only the most trivial and transient undulations in the atmosphere. But when together with the thunder some oak is splintered, some castle shattered; when you are smitten by an idea, or confounded by a fact suddenly projected at you, then it is time to have anxiety, and think of personal safety. So when a "beautiful speaker" is very rich in rhetorical logic and orotund passages and words and sentences of magnificent sound, we have learned that there is a difference between all that and saying something, and we are left to regret that one who has such good lungs and vocal organs has not also something to say. Thus we mark the difference somewhat between thunder and lightning.

VIRGIL ON THE CORPS D'AFRIQUE. In the present deep national interest in the question of negro regiments any light must be acceptable, though from a distant star. The Mantuan bard sends us his ray. We quote it without committing ourselves, for this *Review*

intends to stand above all party issues among loyal men, and take the broadest, round-about view of every political question.

“Quamvis ille *niger*, quamvis tu candidus esses,
O formose puer, nimium ne crede *colori*;
Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.”
Bucol. Ecl. ii. 16—18.

Which may be freely translated thus: “Although he is a colored person and you are white, O nice young man, think not too much of the complexion. The white privets are left neglected, while the dark hyacinths are eagerly sought for.” Still Virgil is non-committal under the ambiguous phrase, “nimium ne crede *colori*.” For he leaves us in doubt whether he means that we must not regard the hues of the skin, if we may but get the substance of a real man, or that we must not trust too much to the colored man to do the work of white men. This shows that the negro question was a difficult one before the Christian era. We agree, however, with the best authorities on the passage, that the ancient poet leans toward the *Corps d’Afrique* and so we would retain the *Bucolica*, unexpurgated, as a safe classic for our youth, and up with the times.

“IN THE COOL OF THE DAY.” The Episcopal bishop of New Jersey, as we see in the *Church Monthly* for August, has found a new interpretation of this phrase in Genesis — thus: “with the Spirit of the day.” He sees in this an allusion to the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity. A writer in the *Monthly* dissents from this rendering for reasons given; yet thinks it is nearer the truth than our version. He also regards the words as denoting the Holy Spirit of God. The word translated “cool” is as well rendered “breath” or “wind,” *aura*, *spiritus*. He would translate: “They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the wind, at that time or then”: that is, when, as in the preceding verse, Adam and Eve were making aprons of fig-leaves. The word construed “day” is taken as meaning time indefinite. The wind is a scriptural emblem of the Holy Ghost, as in John iii. and in the Pentecostal effusion, Acts ii. This exegesis is curious and seemingly careful.

WHILE the *Christian Examiner* annoys our Episcopal friends by the ill-considered exaggeration which denies “that church all influence, even a hair’s weight, in the life and government of America,” the *Church Monthly* represses the eagerness which anticipates the very speedy conversion of all New England to that communion, by

the sensible suggestion that probably this much desired consummation will require some patience and a reasonable allowance of time. This conclusion shows alike a philosophical and a historical way of thinking.

By the way, we ought, before this, to have congratulated our *Monthly* exchange upon its greatly improved and neatly beautiful appearance since it adopted our own *fac-simile*, a compliment which we pleasantly appreciate.

MUSIC. The harp or viol gives out no music until its strings are tightly strained and firmly struck : so with the harmonies from our souls — trials must bring them out in sweetness and strength. Apropos of this, Jean Paul has a beautiful thought — that you must swing a bell free of the earth before it will ring out clearly : so must our human spirit swing clear of the dust and clods beneath, if it shall give a pure, true tone.

EPISCOPACY AT THE ENGLISH RESTORATION. To what an extent the Church of England had declined at the return of Charles II. to his throne is obvious from this note by Pepys. (Diary, Nov. 4th, 1660.)

“Lord’s Day. In the morn to our own church where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying ‘Glory be to the Father,’ &c., after he had read the two psalms : but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer.”

VANITAS VANITATUM. What a capital illustration of this is the honest entry which follows, in the same chronicle of things great and small. Pepys has dined a party of fashionables :

“The first dinner I have made,” he writes, “since I came hither. This cost me above 5*l.*, and merry we were — only my chimney smokes. To bed, being glad that the trouble is over.”

* * * It is better in most instances, no doubt, to have the heart upraised in prayer than the hands ; but an exception must be admitted in a monumental effigy, carved in stone ; as on page 414 of our number for July.

“Their faces gazing on the roof,
Their *hands* upraised in prayer.”